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IN GLOOM.

BY M. E. S.

Cold, dense and gray, the level sands
Stretch out across the land-locked bay,
Where slow and sluggish wavelets beat
Upon the shore the livelong day.

The seabird's cry rings weird and shrill,
And pierces through the foggy gloom,
It breaks the silence deep, that clings
Around—a silence like the tomb.

And thus in life, dull, dreary days
Must come and chill us with their gloom;
The sunlight cannot always last,
Nor summer flowers for ever bloom.

LIGHT AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

DICK, in his bewilderment and surprise at seeing his uncle, dropped his sculls, and Mab in her terror turned the boat out of its course by jerking the wrong cord.

"Take care, take care!" exclaimed Mr. John Charlford, in a rasping tone peculiarly his own. "In another moment you will overturn the boat between you; and I will not undertake to rescue you. Besides, I want to be rowed to the other side; the luncheon-bell will ring directly, and it would be too far to walk round."

Dick had command enough over himself to seize his sculls again and to back the boat and steady her, whilst his unwelcome relative took his seat.

Neither Mab nor Dick had made any response. They knew full well that their uncle must have overheard a good deal of what they had been saying. If nothing else had assured them of this, the disagreeable expression in his eyes would have been assurance enough.

"Shall I take the sculls?" he asked, with a sneer.

"It is not necessary," said Dick firmly, preparing to meet what he foresaw was inevitable—a collision with his uncle. How foolish of Mab and of himself not to have held their peace by the water's edge! But it was too late to think of this now.

"You don't inquire to what circumstance you are indebted for the pleasure of having me as a return passenger?" said Mr. Charlford, when they were about half-way across the pool. "What—you are still not curious? But I will enlighten you, my dear niece and nephew. When I left you, both so regretful at my absence as I am sure you were, I went to see Jacobs, my man of business at Crook's Hill. En route I met a messenger with tidings that Jacobs had been suddenly taken ill, and could not possibly keep his appointment. The rest is obvious. It being useless to go on, I rode homewards, and, as your sister Caroline was absent, looked about for you. A few inquiries led to the information that Miss Mabel and Mr. Dick were on the pool. You are both aware how fond I am of your society—the natural consequence followed. Hastening down here after my dear niece and nephew, I discovered them moored under the old willow-tree—delightful spot on a sunny morning in June! I drew nearer—the grass is long and thick at this time of year—and you were both absorbed in conversation of so highly mysterious and exciting a character that it is hardly to be wondered at that my efforts to attract your attention were futile till a minute or two ago. Now you have the whole explanation of my presence, so unlooked for and, no doubt, so delightful to you. Why, Mabel, you look quite pale with joy; and the hue of your brother's cheeks does not at all resemble the tint of the rose! There is the luncheon-bell. We are but just in time! After luncheon I shall be glad to speak to you both in the library."

"Very well, sir," returned Dick, for Mabel was too wretched to reply.

They reached the house, and, passing through the shaded hall, entered the cool lofty dining-room, where the table looked inviting enough, with its glittering silver and crystal. But, despite their youth and the hours which had elapsed since breakfast, neither Dick nor Mabel felt the slightest inclination to eat.

The meal would have been eaten in silence but for the constant stream of sarcastic remarks kept up by Mr. John Charlford, who seemed to lengthen out the repast to an unusual time. But at last it was over, and, rising carelessly from his chair, he turned to his niece and nephew, saying meaningly—

"Now I will trouble you to go into the library."

"Come along, Mabel," said Dick, drawing his sister's hand within his arm, to comfort her with the feeling that she had his protection.

"Do sit down—both of you!" said uncle John as he closed the door.

Mab and Dick obeyed.

"Now then," continued their unpitying relative, ensconcing himself in his favorite chair—"now then, my dear nephew, will you repeat as clearly as possible the highly exciting and sensational romance which you and your sister were discussing a little while ago on the pool? I should really like to hear it all again, to be quite sure I had made no mistake in what I did hear."

"Sir," answered Dick firmly, "this is not a light matter to me or to Mabel. It may be that you are as ignorant of it as we are; but, at any rate, do not treat anything so serious as if it were a trifle."

"Do be more lucid, if you please, Mr. Dick Charlford," rejoined his uncle, with a sneer. "Be kind enough to specify the matter which you designate by the word 'it.'"

"Certainly, sir. I mean my father's strange and secret visit to this place a night or two ago, at a time when he was believed to be in Germany;" and Dick's voice, despite his effort to seem unmoved, betrayed how much felt the circumstance to which he alluded.

"You must excuse my surprise at the tidings you give me," replied uncle John, while his hard face took a harder look and his steely eyes glittered. "On what night was it that your father came here? And what reason did he give to you for his coming?"

"It was Mabel who saw him, not myself, on the evening after we arrived, uncle. It was the night I went to Lord Bilstone's."

"Oh, it was Mabel who saw him!" said Mr. Charlford, turning with a peculiarly disagreeable expression towards the trembling girl. "I need not trouble you any further then, as I prefer not to receive information at second-hand. Now then, Mabel, what did your father say to you, and you to him, on the night in question? I pass over my amazement at the circumstance—a very natural amazement, considering that the next morning I received a letter from your father dated from abroad. However, what did you say to each other?"

"I? I did not speak to him, uncle; I was too much alarmed, too much bewildered! Besides, a stranger was with him. And, when my father crept away, evidently in disguise, I dared not let him know that I was near him. I could not, with that other man there!"

"Oh, you only saw your father—you did not speak to him! And may I ask where?" pursued her questioner.

"Down by the pool," said Mab, in desperation. How could she hide anything now? "Father was inside the boat-house; but I knew his voice instantly. Besides, the other man spoke to him and called him 'Charlford.' And father was startled and alarmed at that, and said he must not be called by that name; and then he stole away as if he feared the very hedges would betray him."

"Indeed! How surprising—and how wonderfully unlike my brother's usual conduct! So he hurried back from Germany, or stayed in England, in order to meet this unknown personage by the pool in my grounds? But I have a further question to ask—At what hour did you see your father? By daylight?"

"No, uncle," replied Mab, her voice shaking and the tears rushing to her eyes; "it was in the evening—the moon was just rising; but there was no mistake."

"No mistake!" echoed her uncle, sitting bolt-upright in his chair, and permitting some of the anger slumbering beneath his calm exterior to appear. "There was one great and unpardonable mistake, let me tell you—that of your being out at that time of night so far from the house! Why, what hour was it? The moon did not rise till past ten o'clock. You must have gone out at bed-time!"

"Yes, uncle," she faltered, "I did go out at that time. I meant only to run to the pool and bring in a box which—which Dick had left there."

"A box! What box? And pray why could not Dick have fetched it himself?" cried Mr. Charlford, with rising displeasure.

"Sir, I was very wrong," interposed Dick, with manly frankness, though he too winced at the storm he would bring upon himself by the confession, "that which I asked Mab to fetch in, was one containing your flies for fishing."

"Oh, indeed! These revelations are pleasing," said his uncle, with concentrated rage. "Perhaps it is a good thing that your sister took her extraordinary fancy into her head, as it will put me on my guard for the future with respect to my dear nieces and nephew. So you surreptitiously secrete my things for your own use, and then ask your young sister to do a most improper thing and run a most improper risk in order to conceal your error! Pretty well indeed! And what comes of it? The hurry, the alarm, the fear of detection, the lateness of the hour, the half-light—all this, taken in conjunction with your sister's hysterical temperament, makes an utterly wild and extraordinary impression on her brain. Terrified, too, by the sense that she is doing something which must be concealed from all her friends, she converts quite a commonplace occurrence into a strong-spiced mystery fit for a low sensational drama! She sees—it must have been very dimly—the figures of two men inside the boat-house; she hears voices; she imagines she distinguishes the name of 'Charlford'—for aught I know, she may actually have heard the name.

"It is possible that these men, who had no business on my premises, were speaking of us, or even that the name of one of them was identical with our own; and, stirred by a vivid fancy and by terror, she immediately imagines that her own father is there, when in reality he is miles away! It is a story which will not bear sifting for a moment; and it does not increase my confidence in your sanity, Mr. Dick, that you should have accepted it at once as true. I hardly like to think of what your father himself will say to it when he hears his children's estimate of his character—for it cannot be a very flattering estimate when we take into consideration the bearings of what Mabel advances against him, and which you were so ready to believe to his discredit.

"However I shall leave him to deal with that and, with the whole case; the only action in the matter which I shall take will be to prevent such occurrences for the future. After ten o'clock at night—so long as you are both in my house—you will be locked in your rooms till daylight.

"You have brought this restriction on yourselves, remember; and I am responsible for your safety whilst you are under my roof. Pray spare me any tears, Mabel; I am dealing with you only too leniently. But before I dismiss you I have two things more to say—what does your sister Caroline think of your ridiculous tale?"

"We have not told her, uncle. We meant to have told no one until we had spoken to father about it," replied Dick.

"Oh, she knows nothing! She was not to be trusted, I suppose?"

"We decided that it was better to be silent," answered Dick.

"Really I was not prepared to find so much discretion! However, it delights me to discover even a shred of common sense under this wild delusion. But perhaps you feared that Caroline would inform me?—for I am happy to believe that she is very discreet."

Dick and Mabel thought of the secret meeting by the pool at night, but each of them kept silence.

"Well, then," Mr. Charlford continued, "I will dismiss you both with this caution: if you value your reputation for soundness of intellect, be silent to everybody else on the subject. You, Dick, at your age, ought not to need that I should point out the unfortunate consequences which would ensue were this tale bruited abroad. But I must try to open your foolish young sister's eyes to what she may bring upon herself. She will be accounted of weak mind—that is the long and the short of it."

He then turned to Mabel, who all this time had sat miserable and trembling, but perfectly convinced that it was indeed her father whom she had so nearly encountered face to face by the pool.

"Now, Mabel," he said, "I will take the trouble to show you what people will think of you if you permit this mad supposition of yours to get wind. They will believe that your brain is affected; and of course I feel convinced that just now you are suffering from a delusion produced by terror and a sense that you were doing wrong.

"The facts of the case are these. You steal out at night on a secret errand, under fear of my displeasure falling upon your brother; suddenly you come upon two men, and overhear the name of 'Charlford'; one of these men steals away—no wonder, if he had been fishing in my pool—and you set this man down as your father in disguise! Poor child—for you really are a child, despite your height and your sixteen inexperienced years—do you know that, if your father happened to be a poor man accused of some crime, and he wished to defend himself by proving an alibi, he could in this instance do so readily? There is his letter to me, written in the train, and posted on the way to Frankfort—a letter which arrived on the very morning after he was supposed to be seen by you; there is the fact also that several persons, yourself among the number, were cognisant of his departure; there is the telegram he received from Frankfort summoning him thither; and these is the very strong fact that no possible cause could be assigned

tor his acting in the extraordinary manner that you describe.

"What—he—a man of wealth and position, the father of a grown-up son and young daughters, a man with an honorable name—to be at the trouble of practising a perfectly useless deception! It is too absurd! I am very sorry for you, because I perceive that you have suffered a good deal of pain from this ridiculous supposition.

"But I cannot on that account allow you to drag our name into disrepute. You must be silent about this imaginative faculty of yours, or take the consequences which will be far harder than you have any idea of, but which you will have brought upon yourself.

"Your father will speak to you on his return, and also to your brother. One word more. Lord Wynmore is a neighbor of mine, and he has shown me much courtesy lately. I do not wish to slight his friendly advances; therefore, as his invitation to his garden fete has already been sent and accepted, I desire you to go and to behave as other people do on such an occasion—as if you were at a fete, and not at a funeral. I shall now be glad if you will relieve me of your company."

Dick jumped up with alacrity; to escape from his uncle's presence was relief indeed. But Mab was past doing anything with alacrity at that moment, and she did not rise from her seat till her brother went up to her, saying, in a low tone—

"Come, Mab!"

She was still dazed when he led her away and the door was closed between them and uncle John.

"There—it is over, try to think about the fete, and not of what has happened," said Dick encouragingly.

But she could not answer him yet.

"We have done all we could, dear Mab," resumed Dick; "and now we can only wait till father comes back; so our conscience is free."

"Yes," breathed Mab, with a long-drawn sigh. Then, recovering herself a little, she seized Dick's hand and whispered hurriedly, "Come up-stairs; I want to say a word or two more."

"As many as you like," he answered; and brother and sister were soon standing together on the upper landing. No one could overhear them there.

"I want to tell you Dick" said Mab, turning eagerly to Dick, "that I am quite sure that I was not mistaken, whatever uncle John may say. He puts it very cleverly. Perhaps he really knew nothing about father's being there; but it was father, and no other, down to the pool that night. It is quite certain too that he dreaded being recognised. There is a secret, Dick, and something father would give anything in the word to hide, I am sure."

"How can we doubt it?" rejoined Dick, his young face darkening. "Even if you had mistaken some one else for father, that does not do away with the fact of what you overheard in the library before we came away from home."

"I did not wish to tell that to uncle John," said Mab. "He has enough against us now."

"Yes; and it is not to him that we will admit anything else; it is bad enough to have to speak to father. So, dear Mab, do make up your mind to be as happy as you can while we are here, not to dwell upon this more than you can help, and to try to enjoy yourself at the fete."

"I am glad we are to go," she murmured, with a blush; and a sweet unwonted joy made her pulses throb as she thought that, after all, she would see Lord Wynmore again.

"I wonder what uncle John would have said if he had told him that Caroline also was down to the pool that night?" remarked Dick. "But of course I would not speak of that for anything short of saving her from throwing away her happiness."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Mab.

"And there is that boxful of letters addressed to some one named Filton the very name by which that man called father," thought Dick; but he would not give utterance to his thoughts, for he knew that Mab had been painfully agitated, and he also wanted to examine the contents of the box which had fallen into his hands by so strange a mistake before he said anything about it, even to Mab.

A ring at the hall door, and soon afterwards the sound of their uncle's voice welcoming a visitor, caused Dick and Mab to leave their conference unfinished. Mab went to her own room—she had no heart to go out among the flowers—while Dick escaped by the back-stairs into the stable-yard, and so out into the high-road, whence he found his way to the orchard, and lay down on the grass in a shady nook, where he tried to find some elucidation of the mystery hanging over his father. What was it? Why was there a mystery at all? The Charlfords had never had any disgrace attaching to them. What was this terrible thing—terrible because so incomprehensible?

"Was it anything which happened in the West Indies years and years ago, when I was only four years old, and too young to take note of what happened?" he thought. "They say that father was a good deal changed by the yellow-fever he caught there, and by my mother's death in his absence, because he loved her dearly. But it does seem strange that father could be so fond of anybody?"

Thus mused Dick as he lay on his back in the orchard, with a sense of trouble in his mind while he could not shake off. He could remember his mother a little; her sweet lovable face was a vague but pleasant thing in his memory—he was so young when he had lost her, and fourteen years and more had rolled away since then! Dick was now eighteen, and he still loved to recall in thought the dim fair image of his mother, whom he had known for so short a portion of his life.

But he could recall that image with sufficient distinctness to cause him to wonder that his mother ever could have married his father.

To Dick they seemed wide as the poles asunder. Mab, Netta, and Bella would not remember their mother—they had been almost babies in the nursery at the sad time when she had died and their father was absent in the West Indies, slowly recovering from an attack of yellow-fever.

It was uncle John who had accompanied Mr. Charlford back to England when he was well enough to travel—uncle John who undertook a journey across the Atlantic for the sake of Dick, his baby-nephew, and of Dick's baby-sisters when he received the sad tidings of Mrs. Charlford's death—uncle John who made arrangements for their comfort, and who went to fetch their father home.

To be sure there were people who declared that Mr. John Charlford would not have taken all this trouble had his brother's family not happened to come in for a large increase of fortune just then. But he also had succeeded to wealth at the same time; it must then have been affection for his nephew and nieces which prompted him to do all he did.

"Yet nobody loves uncle John!" mused Dick, as he lay back on his grassy couch. "I wonder if riches really do change people into the very opposite of what they were at first? For uncle John was almost poor, and father too, until they both came into cousin Charlford's large property.

"I wish I could remember what father was like before he went to the West Indies; but, as he was more than a year away altogther, and I only about three years old when he left us, all my knowledge of him dates from afterwards.

Nor can Caroline recollect anything about him, though she was about five years old when he left us, for she had been sent away from home after an attack of scarlet-fever and was kept apart from us for months and months.

"No; I suppose that mother's death, and the accession to a large property, together with his own long illness, changed my father a good deal. Everybody says so—even uncle John himself. And then, too, father had to live in a new place among strangers when he came back to England. For, as cousin Charlford had left him this place, so many miles from the old home where we were all born, and as mother was dead, the world must have seemed to him turned upside down."

Softer thoughts of his father would have crept into the young man's heart, and lodged there, but a thousand harsh unloving actions of that father thrust themselves prominently before Dick's mental vision, effacing by their sternness those gentler feelings which the young fellow would gladly have welcomed.

Mab and he, and Caroline too, had always been afraid of their stern parent; and, as for the twins, Netta and Bella—girls of fifteen now, though they still looked children—there was nothing they dreaded so much as a talk or a walk with him. From his father Dick's thoughts travelled to uncle John, and the recent scene in his library.

"He will be sure to make it worse for us with father, when he comes home," said Dick to himself. "I wonder what he really thought of Mab's story, in the bottom of his heart?"

Dick would have divined that more easily could he have scanned his uncle's face and caught his uncle's words after he had dismissed him and Mab. What a dark expression he would have detected on his uncle's face—what a fierce determination in his eyes! And the words he muttered were full of menace.

"Let them take care—let them take care!" he said between his clenched teeth. I will give them both a chance, but I will save myself!"

CHAPTER XI.

WHILST Dick lay in the orchard, Mab was crouched on the sofa by the open window in her room. She took no heed of time, and forgot to wonder why Caroline had not looked into her room when she returned from London.

The loud clang of the dressing-bell made Mab start up and began hastily to array herself. She had but just time to get ready, as her uncle liked her to be in the drawing-room five minutes before dinner was announced, and she dared not venture to give him new cause for anger that night.

"It is a pity that my hair is so thick and takes so long to do!" she thought, struggling to arrange her abundant tresses.

Usually Caroline's maid dressed her hair, but doubtless on this evening she would not have the time, as she had been to London to accompany Caroline. So Mab would not ring, and succeeded in a few minutes in twisting her lovely hair in most becoming fashion on the top of her graceful head.

"I have done it as well as Turner herself!" thought Mab, with a sense of satisfaction too guiltless of vanity to realise that such a face crowned by the luxuriant hair was lovely enough to make any fashion suit it.

Poor Mab! She would have given almost anything she possessed to avoid the evening meal in uncle John's company; but, as that could not be done, she hastened to present herself in the drawing-room.

Dick was already there, and so was her uncle. The latter looked up as she entered.

"Pray where is your sister Caroline?" he asked sternly.

"I—I thought she was here, uncle," faltered Mab timidly.

"So far as I can learn, she has not yet returned from London. Did she inform you of her intention to travel by the nine-o'clock train? I thought it was understood thing that she was to be here at the dinner-hour," said Mr. John Charlford, in his most overbearing manner.

"She did not say anything to me, uncle. I suppose she has missed her train," replied Mab, feeling very uncomfortable at her sister's prolonged absence.

"People should manage not to miss their trains," rejoined Mr. Charlford stiffly. "However, we will go to dinner—Caroline is old enough to travel back from town on a June evening in safety; and she has her maid with her."

"Sir," interposed Mason, who had just announced dinner, "Miss Charlford did not take her maid. She said she should not want her, and Mrs. Turner is gone to Halstone to see her mother."

Uncle John was astounded.

"Not take her maid!" he ejaculated, when he could speak. "How did she dare to go running alone about the country? Can I trust none of you?"

And, without another word to Dick or to Mab, he strode into the dining-room; nor did he during the whole of the meal vouchsafe a syllable either to his niece or to his nephew.

It was half-past eight o'clock when they rose from table. The evening was delightful; the sky, without a cloud, was glowing in all the intensity of golden sunset—the flowers filled the air with perfume.

Dick made a sign to Mab to follow him into the garden. Glad enough to do so, she was leaving the room, when the voice of her uncle arrested her.

"You will both of you have the goodness to remain in my sight during every evening of your stay here," he said. "Sit down—you are neither of you to be trusted."

So here was an end of those remnants of freedom which were so sweet to Mab and her brother! Dick sat down with a careless air, and became to all appearance absorbed in a book, while Mab took out her embroidery.

Another half-hour went by. Mab heard the carriage drive off to the station to meet the nine o'clock train, the last in from London available for Caroline, for the midnight train would be too late a one to choose.

"What has made Caroline miss the seven o'clock train?" thought Mab uneasily, putting her needle in and out of the border which she was decking with lilies and pansies.

Too well Mab guessed the answer to her inward question—Caroline had been detained by unknown lover's business.

The windows were all thrown wide open, so that in the evening stillness every sound was audible. Ah, there was the carriage. Caroline would be with them in a moment or two.

How would she make an excuse for not taking the maid as an escort? Uncle John would be sure to show his displeasure at such a breach of decorum.

Glancing furtively at her uncle, Mab observed that he had fixed his eyes upon the door, awaiting her sister's entrance. Presently the handle turned; but it was the butler who entered, not Caroline.

"Tell Miss Charlford I wish to see her immediately, before she removes her walking-dress?" said uncle John, in a voice full of rage.

"Sir," stammered the man, "Miss Caroline hasn't come, sir."

"Not come," cried Mr. Charlford—"not come? Mabel, what had your sister to do in town?"

"To order my dress, uncle, and—and to get gloves and some lace for herself, I believe," stammered Mabel, now frightened by Caroline's absence.

Dick had jumped up and put down his book.

"I think I had better go to town by the ten o'clock up-train, sir," he said, addressing his uncle. "It is very unlike Caroline to stay away like this."

"You! No; if any one goes, it must be myself. How can I trust you?" said uncle John, with severity. Then to the servant—"Tell the coachman to wait; I shall go up to town to-night. Let the carriage come round in ten minutes."

The man bowed and retired.

"I hope that you will allow me to accompany you, sir," said Dick with grave concern.

"You? No, thank you! How am I to know what trick you would play me whilst I am looking for your sister? I have little doubt that I shall find her at her godmother's or at your cousin's house; but still I must assure myself what has become of her."

"I hope it may be so," said Dick. "But it is not like Caroline to remain away so late."

"It appears to me," replied his uncle, "that it is like either my nephew or my nieces to do exactly that which they are not expected to do. For aught I know, Caroline may have gone off to a theatre—alone, mind you! I do not accuse her of more than she would be guilty of. Probably I shall find, when I reach her godmother's, that she has been persuaded to go to some entertainment and to return by midnight. It is the last escapade she will perform here;" and he rang the bell with violence.

Another bell echoed through the house at the same moment, and immediately afterwards Baily, one of the men-servants, entered and presented to his master an envelope on a silver tray.

"It is a telegram! Oh, what has happened?" cried Mab, starting up, unable to restrain her anxiety.

Mr. Charlford opened the telegram leisurely and read—

"House-Surgeon of St. James' Hospital to Mr. Charlford, of the Court, Milliton Surrey.—A young lady, supposed to be your relative, lies at hospital. Brought in this afternoon. Picked up insensible near Westminster Abbey. Is recovering consciousness. Letters found induce this communication. Telegraph reply."

"Now, uncle, I must go!" said Dick vehemently. "My own sister lies insensible at an hospital. Mab and I ought to go to her directly."

"One of you is enough at a time, thank you," replied Mr. Charlford. "Of course, in the circumstances, I must permit you to go to town with me—a pretty annoyance which might easily have been avoided. Caroline has been knocked down, I presume—an accident which would not have happened had she had her maid with her. Was she carrying out something underhand without my knowledge? The sooner your father comes back the better!"

In half an hour Mable was alone in the drawing-room, weeping very bitter tears; whilst Dick was speeding towards London with his unpleasant companion. Nor were his musings a whit less anxious than were Mabel's. Caroline found insensible! Why—why?

What an endless night it seemed to be to unhappy Mabel! She did not dream of repose, but wandered from room to room, or sat counting the wretched moments, watching for the lingering dawn and for what sunrise would bring.

It came at length—came with ineffable beauty. Once more the household was astir; there was possibility of news of Caroline. Dick would be sure to send a telegram—he had promised that in the agonised brief farewell she took of him on the preceding night. And he kept his word.

"Caroline much better. She knows us. She will be able to be moved back to-day. Don't be anxious."

Mabel burst into joyful tears, forgetting for a moment all about the painful mystery which had yet to be solved.

Thus, quite unexpectedly, she had a whole long day all to herself, with no one to spy her actions, no one to fetter her.

Her mind more at ease, her thoughts reverted to the fete. How she had longed to be present at it, how she had wished to see Lord Wynmore again, she had never guessed till now, when the hope of doing so was suddenly dispelled by her sister's accident. Dick and uncle John would go probably, but she would remain with Caroline.

"I should so much have liked to bid him good-bye! He has been so kind!" she murmured, thinking of her hero.

"Lady Effington isin the drawing-room, and begs to see you Miss Mabel," said Turner entering in haste.

Lady Effington, Lord Wynmore's sister! A wild sudden thrill of joy coursed through Mabel's frame. Perhaps he was with his sister—perhaps after all she might see him again!

The rose-flush had not quite faded from her fair face when she entered the drawing-room, and it deepened when she perceived that he whom she had been longing to meet had indeed accompanied Lady Effington.

Her ladyship was all smiles and graciousness.

"We are so concerned, my dear, to hear of your sister's accident," she began. "Is it really true that she was knocked down yesterday?"

"I am afraid so," answered Mabel tremulously; "but she is better—she is to travel back to-day. My uncle and Dick are with her. They would not let me go."

"Oh, that is good news!" said Lord Wynmore, coming forward—and Mabel blushed anew beneath his gaze. "For, if your sister is well enough to travel, the accident is not serious. But it has made you very anxious."

"Yes—very," murmured Mabel.

"We drove over in a hope of persuading you to go back with us to the Manor, for the rest of the day," said Lady Effington. "It is not good for you to sit brooding here alone, and you can be no use to any one till your sister gets home. Now don't say 'No,' as I see you mean to do!"

"No; you must not think of saying 'No,' added Lord Wynmore persuasively.

"Oh, you are indeed kind!" replied Mab, her eyes brightening for a moment at the delightful prospect. But the gleam soon faded. "I could not go, to let my uncle arrive and find me absent," she said.

"They will not come till evening, depend upon it," observed Lady Effington.

Still Mabel was reluctantly refusing what in other circumstances would have been to her like a visit to Paradise, when a telegram was brought in.

"It is from Dick!" she cried. Then tearing it open—"They are coming by the nine-o'clock train, and Caroline is a great deal better."

"That is delightful, and there can be no possible reason now for you to refuse us the pleasure of taking you off to the Manor. I will be responsible for bringing you back in good time, for I will drive you myself in the cool of the evening. You

will consent, won't you?" added Lord Wynmore, with such entreaty in his dark eyes that Mabel felt overpowered by the sudden new delight she experienced at the idea that she was of any consequence in Neville Wynmore's estimation.

So she consented to go to the Manor. What possible reason could she have for refusing? And surely uncle John would not be angry; he seemed to be so desirous of cultivating friendly relations with his neighbour Lord Wynmore.

"I shall have something pleasant to tell Dick—something delightful now to remember!" thought the happy, girl, as she was whirled between the hedges decked with wild-roses and met the smiling gaze of Neville Wynmore. He was beginning to seem like an old friend to Mabel, and yet she had known him but a few days.

Luncheon was served as soon as they had reached the Manor; and she had not finished admiring the beautiful lofty room, with its painted ceiling, when she was invited by Lady Effington to take a peep at the ball-room and the picture-gallery.

"And then, if you care to explore the stables, my brother will be your guide, for I am going to sit in the shade and eat peaches. Neville will bring you to me when you have seen all that you care to look at; and I will promise to save you plenty of fruit, my dear," added the lady, laughing.

So Mabel, in a sweet delicious dream, followed Neville's sister into the ball-room, and then promenaded the gallery where the portraits of many dead and gone Wynmores hung in antique frames on the walls, but very soon they were joined by the owner of all this magnificence. He wanted Miss Charlford to see his horses, he said.

But they did not make their way to the stables immediately. Lord Wynmore first conducted the young guest to the rose-garden, and there culled for her the richest blossoms that she had ever called her own before. Mabel was made so wondrously happy by his smiles and flowers and pleasant words that for the moment not a trace of what had haunted her so lately was present to her mind.

They were a good while among the roses, though to Mabel the time seemed but a few minutes, and then her companion entreated her to look at the fruit-gardens.

"Why shouldn't we eat an apricot?" he said, with a smile. "Apricots are better than peaches any day and they will taste just as nice here as on the lawn."

And Mab, as she accepted the fruit from his hand, smiled back at him gaily.

It was fully half an hour later before they reached the stables, and still another elapsed ere Mab, suddenly recalling the flight of time, begged that he would tell her where to find his sister.

"She will be on the lawn with the peaches," he answered, with another of those smiles which were stealing away Mabel's young heart. "Don't hurry; it is too warm. Besides, there is plenty of time. It is hardly five o'clock, and we are to dine before I drive you back again. I hope you don't dislike being perched up in a phaeton behind a pair of fast-trotting bays?"

Mind! Mabel would not have cared had she been taken back in a dustcart, provided Neville Wynmore was the charioteer. It had been like a glimpse into an enchanted land for Mabel.

"Why did you let Neville tire you, as he must have done?" said Lady Effington, welcoming her with a smile, and making room for her on the garden bench.

"Oh, I enjoyed seeing everything! I am not tired indeed—we were mostly in the shade," replied Mabel, with a pretty blush.

Lady Effington, who understood how things were going, and who now said to herself that Neville would marry at some time or other, and she supposed he would choose for himself, turned aside to conceal a smile.

As for Lord Wynmore, he took a seat by Mabel, and asked her if she would remind her brother Dick of his promise, and beg him to excuse an informal invitation to "come over for a day's fishing."

"For I feel we ought to make each other's acquaintance—more particularly as he was the cause of our introduction," Lord Wynmore added, in a voice meant only for her ear.

The happy girl murmured that Dick would be very pleased to come to the Manor.

"Who comes here?" interposed Lady Effington, as two or three ladies and as many gentlemen made their appearance in front of the house. "Oh, it is a party from Carton Towers; and you are caught for once, Neville!" she added, with a laugh.

"How provoking!" he exclaimed, evidently annoyed.

"We must go and welcome them however," said his sister, rising from her seat; then, turning to Mabel—"You must know that my brother, like most young men, detests visitors, and gets out of their way on all occasions."

"What a character you are giving me!" he said, laughing. "Miss Charlford, don't believe too much against me. But don't you agree with me that it is troublesome, when you want to be doing something else, to have a whole afternoon consumed in useless chit-chat?"

"Certainly," murmured the girl, hardly knowing what she said; and thinking to herself, "But I am a visitor surely, and he has spent the whole afternoon with me! And he chose to do so—he seemed happy to talk to me! It it because I am not yet introduced, or—or—because he likes me a little?"

And Mabel blushed with happiness. She did not mean much by the thought that he liked her a little—she never imagined anything more than a pleasant friendliness. The idea of making the most of her opportunity to please the wealthy young nobleman who was so courted by all never occurred to her, she only cherished the wish to carry away in her heart a sweet and secret remembrance.

They all walked across the lawn to meet the party from Carton Towers; and both the ladies and the gentlemen glanced curiously at the lovely girl who was evidently on friendly terms with the owner of the Manor and with his sister.

Then tea was brought on to the lawn, and a lively discussion as to the best way of lighting up the ground ensued.

Half-past six struck before any of the visitors made a move to depart; and at seven dinner was to be served—an hour earlier than usual, in order to give Mabel time to reach her uncle's house before his return.

"Let me row you across the lake; there will be just time," said Lord Wynmore, as the party from Carton Towers drove away.

"Won't you come too, Serena?" he added, turning to his sister.

"If I do, I shall not have a minute to spare for dressing, Neville," she answered him.

"One ought not to lose golden moments over one's adornment on a summer evening; don't you agree with me, Miss Charlford? However, don't refuse to let me row you across our lake."

"Let me entreat you to go with him, my dear," urged Lady Effington; "or he will be ill-humored on the fete day, or it will rain, or something dreadful will happen."

"I really should like to go," said Mabel, with the unconscious charm of frank pleasure.

"How shall I thank you for coming?" said Lord Wynmore in a low tone when they had walked on a few paces.

Could she quite fail to understand that he enjoyed her society, however much he might avoid that of ordinary callers? Could she help reflecting, as they passed over the grass towards the lake, that he had devoted himself entirely to her for the half of this golden day?

And he was going to drive her back when he had a dozen servants at his command who would have taken her home, without bringing the master of the Manor a second time to her uncle's!

"What a pity it is that summer days are not double the length!" said Lord Wynmore with a little sigh when they were out on the lake. "What is half an hour out of doors on an evening like this? How I wish we could float about till it was midnight."

"But there will be the drive back," rejoined Mabel with a smile. "That will be so much time out of doors."

"Ah, yes, there will be the drive back!" he said, with a glad light in his eyes.

"Isn't that the the dinner-bell? Shall we not keep Lady Effington waiting?" asked Mabel anxiously, as the sound of a bell came across the water.

"Oh, Serena doesn't mind waiting—she likes it!" he replied. "We sha'n't be long in getting to the house; I'll land you directly. Promise me that you will let me row you across the lake by moonlight on the night of our fete."

"Oh, how delightful!" she exclaimed, a rosy flush dyeing her fair cheeks.

"That is agreed on then," he said. "Remember our compact."

She was not likely to forget it.

They hastened across the lawn to the house, where Lady Effington's maid met Mabel in the hall, to conduct her up-stairs to her mistress's dressing-room.

"Would you like me to rearrange your hair, miss?" asked the maid, in a pleasant voice.

"There will not be time, thank you. I will just wash my hands and go down. I am afraid I have kept Lady Effington waiting," said Mabel.

"Her ladyship has but just gone down, miss."

But Mabel stayed only to fastened one of the roses which Lord Wynmore had given her in her dress; and it was adornment enough, for never had any guest at Wynmore Manor appeared to greater advantage than did Mabel that evening as she entered the large saloon.

"How quick you have been! What a delightful virtue to possess!" exclaimed Lady Effington, with a welcoming smile. "And was it pleasant on the water? I wish I had gone with you."

The dinner was quite a gay repast although so small a party gathered around the table.

"The carriage is at the door, my lord," said a servant, as they rose.

"I am so sorry it is good-bye; I wish you would come and spend Sunday here," urged Lady Effington, kissing Mabel as they parted.

The delighted girl murmured her thanks, saying how happy she would be to accept the invitation if her uncle would permit it, and if Caroline were well enough to spare her; and then Lord Wynmore assisted her into the high phaeton, and they set off under the golden evening sky.

It was a drive which Mab never forgot. The sweet stillness, the happy sense that her companion did not find the time lag in her company, the remembrance of their row together on the lake, of his request that they two might sail there once more together, the ineffable delight of dawning affection, unrecognized as yet, though filling her with a great joy—all this threw its enchantment over the hour, installing it forever in Mab's memory.

"Isn't it a pity that my sister fancies herself obliged to hasten abroad?" asked Lord Wynmore when they were nearing the lodge. "If she would remain only a little longer, we could devise a series of summer entertainments. To my mind summer is the fitting time for giving pleasure to one's guests. One can do so much more for them."

"One has the sunshine to help one, and the flowers," rejoined Mab, smiling.

"You must do your very best to come and spend Sunday at the Manor. You will, won't you?" he said, as they drove in at her uncle's gates.

A minute or two afterwards she was standing alone at the door, her heart still thrilling because of the look, the smile, the hand-clasp, which Lord Wynmore had given her before he drove away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LAW AND THE FARM.

The liability of a farmer who employs many hands may prove extremely onerous at times. As a general rule, he is liable for all the injury they do while actually employed in his business: therefore, if you send a boy to burn up old brush, and the lad leaves his work to look after his partridge snares or rabbit boxes in the woods and the fire runs into the next field and consumes the crop or fence of your neighbor, you must pay the bill, although you told him to watch it carefully and not to leave it a minute.

If you send a load of farm produce into town, and the driver falls into a doze and runs into another team, you must pay for the broken spokes. If your man, in going to and from the hayfield, carelessly swings his scythe and cuts an ugly gash in the leg of a passer-by, you had better pay the doctor's bill, and be glad to get off that easy.

If, in cutting your wood, a man accidentaly cuts over the line on your neighbor's lot, you are responsible, although you told him where the line was. A short time since a man was driving his master's horse and wagon through Boston, on his master's business, when the horse kicked off a hind shoe, which struck a large plate-glass window in a store, and the owner of the animal had to buy another pane of glass.

And though a young man shows a touch of maliciousness in his act, done in the prosecution of your business, and intentionally runs into another team, which somewhat obstructs his way while driving your load you may not screen yourself behind his unnecessary and wilful violation of your orders.

Of course, in all these cases you could compel the servant to repay you all the expenses he had thus caused you by his misconduct. On the other hand to make you responsible for his carelessness he must have been at the very time on your business.

If he borrows your horse and wagon and goes off on pleasure or business of his own and runs over somebody, you are not responsible, merely because it was your horse and wagon; much less would you be liable if your servant took your team without knowledge on pleasure or business of his own.

How it would be, if the fellow was on his own business and yours, too, is a fine question, which might puzzle the wisest. In one instance, a farmer lent his man his team to go to town for a holiday, and asked him to stop at the butcher's on his way home and bring along a piece of meat for next day's dinner. While fulfilling this order the man also took a little "fire-water," and soon after ran over an old woman in the public highway; but the master was considered not responsible. This was, however, in the courts of the Emerald Isle.

One more distinction on this subject it may be well to state, and that is that although an employer is responsible for any careless injury his man may do to third persons, he is not responsible for such injury to other fellow-workmen. If a hired man, therefore, by the very same act of negligence, injures a co-laborer and also a bystander, the latter would have redress against the master, and the other not; for, by a species of rather artificial reasoning, I think, a man, when hiring out, is supposed in law to have anticipated any direct injury from the carelessness of his co-laborers, and taken the risk on himself, whatever his rate of wages.

This rule does not prevent his wife from receiving for any damage to her caused by the carelessness of her husband's fellow-workman. But on the other hand, he is not presumed to have contemplated any negligence on the part of his employer; and therefore he has a remedy against the latter for his own personal carelessness, or in providing dangerous or insufficient machinery or apparatus, or even in hiring notoriously incompetent or habitually careless men. In one instance an employer was compelled to pay $200 to his hired man who fell into a barrel of hot water, set in the ground and careless left uncovered, but which the man did not know of. And this last rule would probably render the employer liable for any injury to his servants from dangerous or vicious animals intrusted to them to take care of; at least, if the owner knew of their character, and the man did not. But this whole subject of the law and the farm is surrounded with subtle distinctions.

An Irish gentleman hearing that his mother was married again, said: "I hope she won't have a son older than me, for I shall be cut out of the estate."

Bric-a-Brac.

Tools for Money.—In early times in China, metal implements, such as knives and axes, were used for currency. At first real "practicable" tools were employed, but by degrees the implement became a thin piece of metal, of no use except for purposes of trade.

A Central African Baby.—There is a tribe in Central Africa called the Gani, in which the babies are washed and dressed in a funny way. The children are washed daily and are licked dry by their mothers' tongues instead of towels. The child's body is next anointed with a mixture of fat and vermilion, when the baby looks beautiful in Gani eyes. After it has been thus dressed for the day, it is wrapped in a goat's skin and hung safely on the branch of a tree, while its mother goes about her other duties.

Why the Ocean is Salt.—It is possible that the saline elements of sea water may be in part derived from geological formations which consist largely of these elements, but it is generally considered that the saltness of the ocean is sufficiently accounted for by the deposition of soluble salts from the rivers. Salts of various kinds form part of the constituent ingredients of the earth's soil everywhere; they are washed out by springs and rivulets and carried to the sea by large streams, and as the evaporation which feeds the streams carries none of the dissolved matters back again, the tendency is for the salts to accumulate in the sea. The principal saline ingredients found in ocean water are chloride of sodium, or common salt, with salts of magnesia and lime.

Lightning-Fast.—The canoes which ply on the rapid streams of Sierra Nevada, down which the timber is floated, are lightning fast in their speed, and go at a pace that leaves all locomotive express wholly in the shade. A correspondent gives an account of such a lightning passage in a flat canoe with two other travelers. The boat performed the distance of sixteen miles in exactly eight minutes and forty seconds, being impelled solely by the force of the water. He described his sensations as follows: "I could distinguish nothing but a wild confused image of rocks, trees, and landscape, like the shapeless blotches of color on a painter's palette. It seemed to me as though we were being shot into the air out of a cannon."

The History of a Word.—When a person is described as a "blackguard," it is meant that he is of a depraved or black character. It is curious to note how the word got this meaning. Long ago, when noblemen and other high folk kept up great state, a large number of servants were employed in their houses. Some of them had to attend to the pots and pans and such like kitchen utensils, and were called the "black-guard," both because they became begrimed in doing their scullery work, and because they had to ride with the pots and pans when the household moved from place to place, as was often the case in those days, to protect them. Now this duty, though very useful, has always been looked upon as humble and rough, and so the word "blackguard," from being applied to those whose duty it was to watch or guard the black utensils of the kitchen, came to be used when speaking of any coarse and rude person.

The Turk.—What seems beautiful to us appears ugly to the Turks; what we find amusing seems tiresome to them; they would laugh at what makes us weep, if they were ever to weep or to laugh at all. We become quickly infatuated or indignant; they are astonished at nothing, admire nothing, and get angry at nothing. We love the movements and the changes that we call progress; they seek repose and immobility, which they call dignity. We are talkative; they are silent. They reckon their years and months differently. Their time of day is the reverse of ours; when it is noon with the Christians at Pera, it is six o'clock with the Turks at Stamboul, on the other shore. They greet the host that they are about to visit by keeping on their hats and taking off their shoes; we salute our acquaintances by keeping on our shoes and taking off our hats. They look upon women as inferior to man; we pretend—in society at least—to treat her as our superior.

A Philopena.—"I used to think Gus Simpson was a real nice young man, but I hate him now," said one young lady to another. "Why, what has he done?" "He's treated me shamefully, that's what." "In what way?" "Why, the other evening at the party, I said to him, 'let's eat a philopena, and if you say yes or no to any of my questions, I'll owe you a box of sweets, and if I say yes or no, you'll give me a box.'" "Then what?" "After the party he took me home, and all the way there he talked just as sweet as could be about love in a cottage, and that men should not live alone, and all that, and when he got to the gate he said, 'Fanny I have waited for this opportunity a long time; will you marry me?' I whispered 'yes,' in a low voice, and—and——" Her sobs choked her voice. "And what did he do then?" inquired her listener eagerly. "He—just—hollered, 'philopena!' with all his might; that's what he did." And she wept afresh, and would not be comforted.

Wife: "Aren't you going to eat your pudding, dear?" Husband, poking it disparagingly with his spoon: "It would kill me to eat that mess of indigestible stuff." Wife: "I know it is not very nice, but you had better eat it, dear. I hate to see it wasted."

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

BY E. R. SILL.

The royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,
Kneel down for us and make a prayer!"
The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.
He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!
No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!
'Tis by our guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.
These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
The hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.
The ill-timed truth that we have kept—
We know how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?
Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.
Earth bears no blossoms for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"
The room was hushed. In silence rose
The king, and sought his garden cool
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

FOR LOVE OF HER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX—(CONTINUED.)

MAUD understood then. In a moment Ernest Blake's plans became clear to her.

He had instilled—or, rather, tried to instil—into her husband's mind the foul suspicion of which he accused Ivor, in the hope that the earl would leave England for Spain, and thus leave his wife comparatively unprotected and in his—Blake's power; and her heart thrilled with joy at the thought that Lord Dereham had not believed that base insinuation even for a moment.

Her face was beautiful in its intense and earnest humility as she knelt down by his couch once more.

"Ivor," she murmured passionately, "how you shame me; how your goodness humbles me to the earth! While I was behaving so vilely, while I merited from you nothing but contempt and scorn, you gave me nothing but noblest trust——"

"Nothing," he murmured, in his low, weary voice, yet smiling at her while he spoke, "save truest and fondest love!"

"Of which I am most unworthy," she answered tremulously, and he put his finger to her lips in token of silence.

"Tell me something about Addie," he said presently, in a tired voice. "She seems a sensible little woman, Maud."

"I think she saved me from despair," Maud said unsteadily. "She is so good, so brave, so true, Ivor, and so bright, although her life has been a strangely lonely one. She was left an orphan very young, and lived with a grim old uncle; when he died she was quite alone, with her way to make in the world, her bread to earn."

"Poor thing!" the earl said gently; to him, the thought of a girl winning her own livelihood by hard work was a painful one.

"She did not think herself poor," Maud answered smiling a little. "She is a splendid musician, and soon found work; it is hard work, but she earns more than enough for her simple wants. Enough to help others in their necessity."

Her voice faltered a little, then she went on earnestly, though her voice was very low still, and her face full of deep feeling.

"She was so good to me, Ivor! Words cannot tell how good she was; she held me up when I was borne down by the weight of my own sin; she cheered me when I was most wretched; she bore with me when I must have tried her patience and her forbearance terribly; she gave me friendship and affection when I was most desolate; she kept me from despair."

"She must let me thank her," he answered wearily. "Write to her, Maud. Ask her to come and——"

His voice died away; he sank heavily back upon the pillows of the couch, trying to smile at her, but exhausted by the long effort he had made.

And Doctor Kinsley, coming in at that moment, instantly forbade all further talk, and insisted on his patient retiring to rest, a mandate which the earl could not resist, and which he was still weak enough to find welcome.

And in the early autumn, before the anniversary of their wedding came again, Lord and Lady Dereham went abroad for a long sojourn, which was to restore the former to his usual health and bring back Maud's old loveliness, which her long attendance on her husband had somewhat dimmed.

And with them went Doctor Kinsley, an older, graver, sadder man, who seldom smiled, yet who was kinder, gentler in his judgment, and more patient than he had been, for he had learned that the best of us need gentlest judgment, and that "things are not what they seem."

For, while the earl was still in the earliest stages of convalescence, tidings had come from the New World where Gilbert Kinsley had made his home, and where he now rested in his long, last sleep, mourned tenderly by the young wife he had left so soon, and who had learnt the truth of Joe Kirby's death from her husband's dying lips, yet who loved him, weak, false, cowardly as he had been, as perhaps better men are not loved.

His confession had been full and complete, and Arnold Graeme's innocence had been proved to the world.

The incident had almost been forgotten during those two years, and Gilbert's confession did not cause much excitement save among a few who had been especially interested.

And when Doctor Kinsley went abroad people ceased to talk of it, and soon all memory of it died away, and Gilbert was pitied, not blamed, in his quiet grave.

And with Maud, too, on her travels went Nicholas, now quite as devoted to his young mistress as he had been to his lord, and having quite forgiven her what she had made the earl suffer, but for which she had atoned by her loving and untiring care, and only second to the countess in his estimation was the sweet, bright, brown-eyed girl who was also one of the party, and whom one and all esteemed with truest reverence, while Maud herself loved her almost as well as she loved the dear dead sister who slept under the shadow of the old church at Berkeley.

And Maud's debt of gratitude to the girl to whom already she owed so much was not yet complete.

Another item was to be added to it, which in the days to come Lady Dereham learnt to think of with earnest thankfulness and heartfelt gratitude.

CHAPTER XL.

AND you would be glad, little wife?"

"Ivor, it would crown my life with perfect happiness," Maud answers earnestly, with a smile, a very tremulous smile, on her lips, but tears in her sweet eyes as she raises them to his.

Lord Dereham returns the glance with a very tender smile.

"I think your life will be so crowned then, Maudie," he says greatly. "Look there."

He has been smoking his after-dinner cigar as they saunter up the terrace side by side, Maud's hand on his arm, and her white lace scarf thrown over her head, its soft white folds make a bewitching, filmy frame for her fair face; but now they stand still by the marble balustrade, and look down for a moment into the fragrant semi-darkness of the summer night.

A tall, slight man in evening dress is sauntering up and down over the velvet turf of the smooth, green lawns, a slight, white, glad girl's figure walks beside him; she, too, has a white scarf coquettishly wound round her head and throat, and she is holding the soft white folds of her gown in one slight, ringless hand to save it from any chance of evening dew.

She is too far off, and the twilight does not allow them to see her face, or they might read—as the man at her side does—a story which makes his heart throb more quickly, and a delicious sense of happiness thrill his veins to which he had been a stranger so long, as he walks by her side and bends his head low over hers.

"Does it remind you of our own courtship, Maud?" the earl whispers smiling.

"No," she answers gently. "I do not think we ever really had one, Ivor. Ours was such a short and sorrowful engagement, full of such sad memories and regrets."

"But you are happy now?" he says very tenderly, as tenderly as if they had been married but five weeks instead of nearly five long years.

"Happy!" she echoes softly. "Happy beyond all words in you and in our boy; and if this what we hope comes to pass," she adds earnestly, "I shall have nothing left to wish for then—nothing."

Three years have elapsed since the day when Maud had been summoned to what all feared would be her husband's death-bed; but these years have been shorter, Maud often thinks, than the one which preceded them.

They have been happy years, spent partly abroad, for Lord Dereham's health was very indifferent for a long time, and the doctors were afraid of the English climate for him, so that the first year, and half of the second one, was spent under sunnier skies than ours, and the bonnie, dark-eyed little son and heir to the vast estates and his father's title, had been born at Rome; but at the end of that time Lord and Lady Dereham had returned home, and since then had lived almost entirely at the Castle in the midst of the people to whom the earl had endeared himself by a thousand acts of thoughtful kindness and consideration and generosity.

Doctor Kinsley had returned many months before, and had resumed his work at Berkeley where Doctor Harrison and Millie shared his home.

People said that the doctor had aged greatly during his short sojourn abroad; but he was not unhappy.

Time had been good to him, and had deadened the pain of the wound his son's hand had inflicted, and his pleasure in his little grandson was great and unfeigned; while he maintained a regular if not frequent correspondence with Arnold Graeme, who had settled at Rome, where he had resumed his painting, and was winning fame and wealth, and where, too, he had many friends, who attracted at first perhaps, by his sad story, which had of course leaked out unaccountably, as such stories will, soon learnt to esteem him for the noble and sterling qualities which distinguished him.

It at first the meeting between him and the beautiful, grave countess, whose beauty had been softened by sorrow, had been painful to him—if he felt a sudden, irrepressible pang of jealousy when he saw her with her husband—it was soon conquered, and he quickly learnt to look upon their mutual love with frank sympathy and sincere pleasure.

And by-and-by, as time went on, the passionate love which had been the ruling motive of his life for so long, changed into friendship, as true as the love had been.

To him Maud would always be an ideal woman—he would always look upon her with esteem and reverence; but he was too true a man, too sincere a Christian to dally with temptation, and Maud knew, and her husband also, that he would never have been their friend if he could not have been so in all truth and sincerity.

But when they were returning to England, and Lord Dereham urged him gently to accompany them to the Castle, he refused, not however without a certain hesitation and a rather wistful look in his eyes, which Lord Dereham could not understand, but which Maud interpreted, and, as events proved, interpreted correctly.

And when, a year later, she wrote to him asking him to visit them, the few words in the postscript made Arnold's eyes brighten then shadow again, and made his meditated refusal become an acceptance.

It was quite safe for him to return to England now.

A free pardon had been granted him for the crime which he did not commit, and for his escape from prison the circumstances had been taken into consideration, and all had been condoned.

And when he came to Dereham in the pleasant June weather, he found among the roses at Dereham a living rose, at sight of whom his grave eyes had brightened, while Addie's color had faded and she had grown very pale as she put her hand in his—such a little, unsteady hand it was just then, that her pupils in London would hardly have recognized it, I think.

Addie still retained the independence which was so characteristic of her and did her so much honor.

Although it would have been a sincere pleasure to the earl to make her independent of her teaching, Addie had gently but determinedly refused the wistful pleading in Maud's eyes, and had persisted in earning her own livelihood.

She had spent a year with them in Italy, feeling that while the earl continued partly invalided and Maud herself not strong, her presence and companionship were an inestimable comfort to Lady Dereham, and she accepted gratefully the opportunities offered to her for attaining even more knowledge in the art which she so loved than she already possessed.

But when she saw Maud perfectly happy and content, with the earl well and strong, and a bonnie dark-eyed boy in her arms, she went, not without considerable reluctance on the part of her friends, back to London to resume her work.

Of course her post at the high school had been filled, but Maud's interest procured her occupation which, while it was less laborious, was also more remunerative than her former appointment had been.

Some of the great ladies of London society had taken much interest in the charming little musician who was so essentially a lady, so modest, so unassuming, so determined to suffice for herself, and who saw no shame in honest work of any kind and no degradation, save in pretending to be what she was not and in living in idleness and dependence.

She was very happy, very contented in her busy life, as her letters to Maud testified, but of late there had been a slight undercurrent of sadness in them which Maud understood, and which made her all the more anxious that Arnold Graeme should come to Dereham during Miss Elmore's summer visit there.

And he had come, and the fragrant summer days so full of sunshine, and sweetness and pleasant odors, and the song of birds had passed very peacefully, very happily for them both.

All the first pain of his return to Berkeley had passed away from Arnold Graeme's heart.

Present happiness had obliterated the sadness—nothing will obliterate the memory—of those days which had been so full of suffering to him and to Maud.

Sometimes they seem to him like a dream from which he has awakened, and when one day he drives over to Ilchester with Lord Dereham, and pays a visit to Captain Sinclair in the gloomy old castle, it seems scarcely possible that he is the same sad-hearted prisoner who made his escape with Dean's assistance so many years ago.

Addie goes with them, and Captain Sinclair's keen eyes see that she has no common interest in her visit to the cell where he had been imprisoned, and smiles to himself at the tender pity which shines in her bright eyes as she stands in the little room where Arnold suffered, and where on a gray November day he had bidden Maud Kinsley farewell forever, and hidden his face so that he might not see her go.

"You almost got me into trouble, Mr. Graeme," Captain Sinclair says smiling, as they cordially shook hands. "But I am not sure that I was not glad to be rid of you; I never felt that I had a right to keep you."

And before Arnold leaves England the Governor of Ilchester Castle receives a present then which nothing more precious could be given him, a portrait of the bonnie, yellow-haired, sailor laddie whose bright blue eyes had shone in the gloomy room where Maud had waited with Lord Dereham on that gray November day, and the portrait is signed "Arnold Graeme."

But all remembrance of the gray gloom of that November day is over now as Maud stands on the terrace, with her hand in her husband's, and looks down at the two friends who have been so faithful to her, and who, she hopes, will be so faithful to each other in the time to come.

"Did you ever think of such a sequel as this in those old days at Rome?" the earl asks smiling, as he tosses away the end of his cigar and sees the glowing tip vanish over the marble balustrade.

"Sometimes," Maud answers softly. "I always hoped it, Ivor, but I hardly dared to believe it would come true. She is so perfectly suited to him you see!"

"Is she?" the earl queries. "She is a practical, cheerful, little woman, and Graeme is a dreamy individual."

"Therefore they will suit each other perfectly," Maud says triumphantly. "And then Arnold is so fond of music, and such a good musician himself that this one thing alone will be a constant delight to them. Ivor, do you really doubt its expediency, or are you only appearing to doubt it on purpose to tease me?" she adds, with a little pout.

"I don't doubt its expediency at all," Lord Dereham replies, hiding a smile under his heavy dark moustache. "I agree with you that it would be a most excellent arrangement. No one in the world, Maudie," he adds earnestly, "not even you, are more anxious than I am that Graeme should be happy, and if this be, as I think it will be, for his happiness, no one will welcome it more warmly than I shall do. You think she cares for him?" he asked presently, as they resume their slow saunter up and down the terrace.

"Yes," Maud says gently; "I am almost sure she does. Addie is not a girl to say much about such things, even to me, but I think she cares for him."

"Well, he is a lucky fellow!" Lord Dereham replies kindly. "Almost as lucky as I am myself!"

He smiles as he meets her uplifted eyes.

"As you? Ah, Ivor, as if Addie is not a thousand times worthier of love than I am."

"Perhaps," he answers, smiling still, but with a great love and tenderness in his eyes, as they still meet hers in the softened evening light. "But I am quite satisfied, Maudie."

And then there is a happy little silence, during which the twilight deepens, and the shadowy dusk creeps over the wide-spreading lawns, over the cedars and great copper beeches, whose foliage has been so gorgeously beautiful all day; but whose deep rich hues are merged now with the green of the other trees.

"Do you know, Ivor," Maud says presently, "that I should not be a bit surprised if there is another engagement in prospect?"

"Indeed, you little matchmaker!" says Lord Dereham. "Whose? Our little King's?"

"Nonsense, Ivor! Millie Harrison and Doctor Elliot."

"Does that please you?"

"Very much. It would be altogether charming for papa and Doctor Harrison."

"Then I hope it will be so. What determined matchmakers you women are! Confess, Maudie, that you have already begun to look around the babies of your acquaintance for a suitable wife for King."

"King's wife is not born yet, I hope," Maud answers, with a pout and a smile. "Ivor, how absurd you are?"

"Am I? for wishing my boy as sweet a wife as his mother is!" he answers fondly, and Maud gives him a grateful, loving little smile, and presses her pretty head against his arm for a moment with a pretty dumb gesture, which is as pleasant to him now as it would have been in the early days of their married life.

And then Lady Lady Dereham says gaily that the night is getting chilly, and that, although no doubt the two young people on the lawn are quite indifferent to temperature, she is not; and they go into the stately drawing room, which is as homelike now as it has always been beautiful; and presently, after a little while, Arnold comes in alone, looking a trifle pale, but happy and peaceful, to find Maud sitting with her work in a low chair near the flower-filled hearth, and the earl reading to her.

The book is put aside when the guest enters, and Maud looks up smiling.

"What have you done with Addie?" she says lightly. "You have not been letting her take cold, I hope?"

Arnold looks startled.

"Was it too cold out there for her?" he asks anxiously. "She did not complain. I am afraid I was selfish to keep her out there so long."

"Perhaps she did not mind being kept," Maud answers gently. "It is a fine night, and she had a shawl, had she not?"

"Yes, she had a shawl," he says absently, and their eyes meet, and at the story she reads in his, Maud's eyes brighten suddenly and swiftly, and she holds out the little

hand, on which diamonds glitter, and he takes it in his own.

"You have guessed?" he says in a low tone, not quite steady.

"Yes," she answers softly; "I guessed long ago."

"And you are glad?"

"More than glad," Maud says, with glad tears filling the eyes which met his so frankly. "Nothing in this world could have given me so much pleasure."

And Arnold's grave, moved face is a very happy one, for all its gravity, as he stoops over the little hand and leaves a kiss upon it, and buries, as he does so, every memory of the past which might make him the least unfaithful to the happy present.

The earl's congratulations are no less sincere than Maud's own, and while he is offering them Lady Dereham goes quietly away to seek the little fiancee, and wish her all happiness.

She finds her kneeling by the open window of her bedroom, her arms crossed upon the cushioned seat, her face, such a sweet, April face of smiles and tears, upraised to the sky.

She does not move as Maud comes softly in, but when Lady Dereham sits down on the window seat, the girl hides the sweet, April face upon her shoulder.

Maud puts her arm about her, and there is a short silence in the quiet room, which has no other light but that of the dying summer day.

"Addie, look up, dear," Maud says presently, speaking as gently as if the girl in her arms were a child and she her mother; "let me see what your face is saying. Are you happy, my dear? are you glad to think how happy you have made Arnold?"

"Is he happy—really happy?" the girl whispers, without raising her head from its resting place—nay, rather pressing it more closely against the soft lace ruffles of Maud's gown.

"Yes, he is very happy," Maud answers gently. "But you, Addie; you have not been prompted by pity, by compassion for his loneliness, in what you have said to him to-night. You do care for him, dear, do not you? you love him? Ah, he is worthy to be loved—even as I love Ivor."

For a moment there is no answer, then Addie lifts her face.

It looks pale in the dim light, and her lips are tremulous, but there is a look upon it which changes its bright prettiness into beauty, and shows the pure and noble soul within.

"Is it not pity, is it not compassion," she says tremulously; "is it love. Oh, Maude, before I ever saw him, before I knew him, I think I loved him. He was my hero! Years ago, dear, on that night, you remember it, when you told me what had parted you from Ivor, and of the sacrifice Arnold made, I think something strange entered into my heart which was the beginning of my love for him. I thought him so noble, so unselfish, so faithful, that I could never imagine a higher ideal than his life, a greater sacrifice than the one he made for you."

"Ah, and when you talked so eloquently of love," Maud says archly, "it was not quite such an unknown thing as I supposed! Oh, Addie, Arnold is a lucky fellow indeed to have won so true a heart."

"Do you think I can make him happy?" the girl whispers, hiding her happy face once more on Maud's shoulder. "I am afraid he loved you so well, Maud, and beside you, I——"

"He loved me well, dear," Maud answers gently. "Knowing his story as you do, you will know that; but his love for me is as much and as entirely over as if it had never existed. Were it not so, Addie, were there any other feeling in his heart but friendship, he would not have been here to-day: he is too noble for that. He loves you, Addie; I saw it long ago in Rome, and if he has hesitated, it is only because, I think, he felt himself too old and grave for our bright little professor, who will give him back all the gaiety of his youth."

It is pretty to see how the bright little face shines in her happiness, how the little hands cling about Maud, and how shyly she draws back when they go downstairs to the drawing room, and how she hesitates at the door until Lady Dereham tells her smilingly that Arnold will be impatient, and pushes aside the portiere and leads her in.

It is pretty, too, and significant, to see how the two gentlemen standing together turn as the two fair women enter, in their soft, white gowns, and how Arnold's face brightens as his eyes rest on Addie; he has no thought now for Maud's greater beauty and grace, his eyes rest with ineffable satisfaction on the slender figure of the little music-mistress, and he goes forward with a thrill of joy at his heart, which his love for Maud had never brought there.

And the earl, as he takes Addie's hand and kisses her brow, and wishes her, from the depths of his heart, all happiness, thinks that out of evil good has come.

But for Maud's flight they would not have known Miss Elmore, and he owns that it was worth suffering to have made so true a friend, to have known so noble a woman, and to have seen that perfect satisfaction and peace on Arnold Graeme's face.

There is only one drawback, Maud says presently, to their happiness, that Graeme will not settle in England, and make a name here, instead of persisting in his determination to settle in Rome.

But the painter is steadfast in resisting all entreaties.

He is more used to continental life, he says, smiling; and Maud, as she desists in her endeavors to dissuade him, owns that England must have many a painful reminiscence for him which Italy has not.

And later in the evening, when the lights are brought in, although the windows are left open and the fragrance of the roses comes softly in, borne by the balmy night air, when Lord Dereham asks for some music, it is Maud who goes to the piano to grant his request, for at the other end of the room are two people so absorbed in each other that only a cannon ball would rouse them, Maud thinks with a little smile; and the earl, whom five years of matrimony have not cured of his lover-like devotion to his beautiful wife, goes with her and seats himself in a low chair comfortably near the piano, where he can see the beautiful profile on which the light of the wax candles pale so softly, and the slender, gemmed fingers which move over the keys, bringing forth soft tender melodies which seem to suit the evening quiet and peace.

Presently she begins to sing, and the song she sings is one which she has not sung for many a long weary year.

She can sing it now without pain, she thinks.

She to whom she sang it last is happy and free from care, and there is nothing but sweetness in the thoughts of her.

And these are the words which rise so softly and sweetly in the stately, beautiful room; and as he hears them Arnold Graeme's hand closes more firmly and tenderly over the little fingers which nestle so confidingly in his, and he bends over Addie to read the love in her true sweet eyes.

"Once in the days long past beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight's gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's sweet song—
Comes Love's old sweet song."

The sweet, low voice died away on the silence; Lord Dereham took one of the little hands which lingered on the keys and touched it with his lips.

"Love shall be found the sweetest song of all," he murmured fondly; and Maud smiled as she gently withdrew her fingers from his clasp.

"I am going to play a fitting piece," she said gaily, and forthwith there rang through the room the familiar but ever beautiful music of Mendelssohn's immortal "Wedding March," telling a pleasant story of future love and happiness to the men and women who heard it, especially to one who, through troubled waters, had reached a peaceful haven at last.

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One by one the pictures which Gwen's dying eyes had found in the glowing coals of the fire have come to pass; the wanderer has returned.

The parish church has been bright with orange blossoms and wedding music.

That she was spared the sad picture which followed was for her happiness; but now the last has come, and with her own touches it is painted.

"I see a stately, beautiful mansion which with all its stateliness and beauty, is still full of the charm of home. I see a fair young mistress, who is the very heart of home, who makes her husband so happy that his long probation seems nothing to him; who is kind and considerate to those around her; who is happy, and beautiful, and loved and loving. And I see her husband doing much good in his day and generation, sparing neither his wealth, nor his time, where the welfare of others is concerned, making the poor bless his name when they hear it spoken, and raising in the hearts of men a monument which shall endure when he is no longer there. And I see, perhaps in the future, a little dark-eyed boy who calls him father, and a little brown-eyed girl whom her brother calls Gwen, and the home is an ideal home, full of love, and joy, and peace, and it is your home, my queen, and his."

[THE END.]

Mrs. Dobson's Ball.

BY R. P.

WHEN the Higginses entertained their friends and acquaintances with private theatricals, "got up regardless of expense," as the "County Chronicle" informed its readers, the general remark was that "the Dobsons would find it hard to beat that."

The Dobsons themselves were at first reluctantly of this opinion, and Mrs. Dobson expressed unreservedly to her intimate friends her chagrin at being left outside by "those upstart Higginses."

"As though everybody doesn't know who they were before old Higgins made his money!" said Mrs. Dobson, loftily. "And now the idea of their presuming to aspire to take the lead in society. Of course they would never have thought of such a thing as private theatricals but for the purpose of throwing together Colonel Delancy and that brazen Blanche Higgins as Romeo and Juliet; and that, too, when they were perfectly aware that he was paying attention to my Anabel Maude. It is real disgusting."

Colonel Delancy was a recent distinguished arrival in the neighborhood.

He was understood to have served in the Spanish army, and being good-looking and well-dressed, he had been from the first an object of much interest to the mothers and daughters of Bubbleton.

His own fancy seemed to be wavering between Miss Higgins and Miss Dobson, whose respected fathers were among the wealthiest of the Bubbleton citizens.

His name, as inscribed upon his visiting card, was "Charles Stuart Delancy," and once, when Miss Dobson had admired the romantic name, he had confided to her that he was of Scotch-Irish family, and a lineal descendant of the royal line of Stuart.

He even, as he subsequently informed Miss Dobson, owned an invaluable heirloom in a tartan plaid and a silver shoulder-brooch which had once belonged to Prince Charles Stuart, "the young Chevalier,"—a relic which he so highly prized that he carried it with him everywhere.

It was one evening, not long after the Higgins' theatricals, that the colonel gave this interesting piece of information to the Dobsons, and immediately a brilliant idea flashed upon the mind of Miss Dobson.

What if they should give a fancy ball and have Colonel Charles Stuart Delancy present in the character of his distinguished ancestor, and in the very dress which that ancestor had worn?

What a triumph it would be over the Higginses—what a glory for themselves.

When it became known that the Dobsons were about to give a fancy ball, all Bubbleton went wild with excitement.

There was an immediate run upon the drapers' shops, and the most fashionable dressmaker declared that for three days in succession she had not eaten a decent meal or been able to put her hair in crimps, from the number of people calling to bespeak costumes.

The "circulating librarian," as Mr. Higgins called him, was at his wits' end.

Young men rushed in and requested to see Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens, as though having just heard of the arrival of those gentlemen, and anxious to pay their respects.

It was publicly reported that the Higginses were preparing costumes regardless of cost, and that Misses Smith and Jones had had a slight unpleasantness in consequence of both choosing the same character and each insisting that the other ought to give up.

The great day of the ball at length arrived.

At half-past eight o'clock the house was ablaze with lights, but the host and hostess had not yet descended to the ball room.

Mrs. Dobson, who, on account of her commanding appearance, was to represent Queen Elizabeth, experienced a difficulty with her starched ruffs and stays.

Mr. Dobson, who was short and stout, was much threatened with apoplexy in drawing on his tights and silken hose, in the character of George the Third.

He had at first strenuously protested against assuming this part, and consented only upon the express stipulation that he should not be required to wear a crown.

Miss Dobson, too, as the Lady of the Lake, was giving the last touches of rouge and pearl-powder to her fair countenance, and arranging the folds of an exquisite costume of Scotch plaid and blue satin—a delicate compliment to Colonel Delancy, which she fondly hoped would fill Miss Higgins with envy and jealousy.

Queen Elizabeth made her appearance just in time to receive Dolly Varden and Rob Roy, with whom George the Third hospitably shook hands, until reminded by the Lady of the Lake, behind her fan, that such familiarity with low characters was not consistent with his rank.

Thereupon the King of England produced his sceptre from his pocket, and waved it benignantly towards each guest as they were successively announced by the usher stationed at the door.

Now it so happened that this usher was no other than Paul Perkins, the sexton—attired in a gorgeous green and orange livery invented expressly for the occasion.

And he being slightly deaf, and not especially familiar with literary and historic names, committed one or two trifling mistakes in announcing the guests.

For instance, the company were rather puzzled when Hamlet was introduced as "Gimlet;" and a smile ran round when a picturesque little couple—a Reaper and a Gleaner—bearing broom-like tufts of rye and oats, were transformed by the matter-of-fact Perkins into "a Sweeper and a Cleaner."

"Mr. Dobson," whispered Queen Elizabeth, "this will never do. That stupid Perkins must be stopped, or we shall be the laughing stock of the town. See, there are Doctor Mercer's daughters just entering. They are Petrarch's Laura and Dante's Beatrice; and——"

"Peter's Laura and Dandy's Beatrice!" shouted the usher.

And the Lady of the Lake turned pale and nearly dropped her bouquet of Scotch broom and thistles.

"Pa," she whispered, "for mercy's sake, present the lad e yourself. What will Colonel Delancy think. What will the Higginses say?"

In compliance with this request, King George graciously introduced the young ladies first as "Piutarch's Laura and Danton's Beatrice"; and then, becoming forgetful, as "Pluto's Laura and ein?—her sister, Miss Mercer!" while the company tittered, and Queen Elizabeth looked, as she afterwards declared she had felt, "ready to drop."

She, however, summoned all her dignity to receive Mrs. Higgins, gorgeously apparelled as Queen of Sheba, and Miss Higgins, majestic as Mary, Queen of Scots, and actually wearing, draped about her thin figure, a scarf of the self-same colors as that of Prince Charlie—the Stuart colors—as the colonel had assured her they were.

The company were all assembled, and Miss Dobson was anxiously watching the door, when a stir was apparent, and in strode a tall, imposing figure in full Highland costume, wearing gracefully a Scotch plaid crossed over his manly breast, and clasped on the shoulder by a broad silver brooch.

The descendant of the royal Stuarts bowed low before the Lady of the Lake, who blushed over face, arms, and shoulders, whereat a covert sneer was visible on the lip of the Queen of Scots.

"Your royal highness," said the latter familiarly tapping him on the shoulder with her fan, "if I mistake not, you and I are kin—both of the royal race of Stuart."

"Was there ever such brazenness?" Dolly Varden remarked in an undertone, to an Indian chief; "when ma said, only yesterday, that her pa used to keep a public in Liverpool! She of royal blood indeed!"

By this time dancing had commenced. Nuns and flower-girls glided about; lords and ladies glittered in dyed silks and sham diamonds; knights, in tin shields and helmets, stalked solemnly through the dance, dazzling people's eyes with their splendor; and a shoal of pirates, in red caps and black moustaches, grimly cruised about among the company.

The Lady of the Lake pretended to carry on a flirtation with the Knight of the Silver Shield, but her eyes constantly wandered to where Mary Queen of Scots was exercising her fascinations upon Prince Charlie, the Young Chevalier.

The latter was the lion of the ball. Everybody wanted to see how a real Stuart looked in a real royal Highland plaid.

Those who had chanced to see the engraved portraits of King Charles the First of England, were struck with the resemblance in the features of Colonel Charles Stuart Delancy.

Then, there were not wanting plenty of observers to remark upon his devotion to either Miss Higgins or Miss Dobson.

Suddenly a sort of stillness fell upon the crowd near a door opening upon a garden.

Those who stood nearest saw a strange face looking in through an open window—a sharp, shrewd man's face, with black eyes fixed intently upon the handsome and haughty visage of Prince Charles Stuart.

That scion of royalty himself presently turned, attracted by the hush, and his eyes met those of the stranger.

Instantly an extraordinary change came over his countenance. His eyes dilated and his face assumed a deadly pallor.

"Pray excuse me one moment!" he whispered to his wondering partner. "I—I see a particular friend of mine—like to speak a word——"

And, without pausing to conclude the sentence, he vanished.

The face at the window vanished also; and when the prince, in his plaid and plume hurriedly glided from an obscure side door he was grasped by a hand laid upon his shoulder, while a firm and persuasive voice said, affectionately,—

"Come along quietly now, if you don't wan't to kick up a rumpus. I've had a long search, and a tiresome journey, and we won't part company again so easily."

A few moments after there was a mysterious sensation visible among the host's family. King George looked nervous and agitated; Queen Elizabeth gave private orders to count the silver; and both the Lady of the Lake and the Queen of Scots, it was whispered about, had mysteriously fainted away in the dressing room.

What it all meant none of the guests understood until the next day. In fact, a certain mystery and obscurity still hangs about the affair; and while some persist in declaring that Colonel Charles Stuart Delancy was hastily summoned away on important business, there are others who assert that the mysterious messenger was a well-known Manchester detective, and that the scion of royalty has since been at Portland, attired not in plaided, but in a full suit of yellow garments.

However the truth may be, Mrs. Dobson declares, with tears, that she will never again give a fancy ball, while Miss Higgins visibly shudders at the mere mention of private theatricals.

SPLITTING PAPER.—It is one of the most remarkable properties of that wonderful product, paper, that it can be split into two or even three parts, however thin the sheet. We have seen a leaf thus divided in three parts, or three thin leaves. One consisted of the surface on which the engravings were printed; another was the side containing the letter-press, and a perfectly blank piece on each side was the paper that lay between. Many people who have not seen this done might think it impossible; yet it is not only possible, but extremely easy, as we shall show. Cut a piece of plate glass, and place it on a sheet of paper; then let the latter be thoroughly soaked. With care and a little dexterity the sheet can be removed. But the best plan is to paste a piece of cloth or strong paper to each side of the sheet to be split. When dry, violently and without hesitation pull the two pieces asunder, when part of the sheet will be found to have adhered to one side and part to the other. Soften the paste in water, and the pieces can be easily removed from the cloth. The process is generally demonstrated as a matter of curiosity, yet it can be utilized in various ways. If we want to paste in a scrap-book a newspaper article printed on both sides of the paper, and possess only one copy, it is very convenient to know how to detach one side from the other. Some time ago the information of how to do this splitting was advertised to be sold for a considerable sum.

BEFORE I GO.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Yes, out in the world's fierce battles,
I must wander away from you, sweet,
To the din of life's wild conflict,
Where the strong and weak aye meet.
But you, in your quiet home-life,
Where flowers of purity grow,
Will nestle safe from the world's harm,
Then kiss me before I go.

At eve by the warm red firelight,
Pictures of peace you will see,
Painted by the unseen Master,
Visions of beauty to thee.
The sound of my falling footstep
'Neath the young moon's silver glow,
You'll hear no more at your cottage door,
Then kiss me before I go.

We've come where life's path divides us,
Mine lies in the world's wild fight;
Yours in homelove's holy bowers
Stretches broad and fair and bright.
Oh! sweet, in this hour of parting,
This sorrowful hour of woe,
Let your red lips, warm and tender,
Kiss me before I go.

TOLD BY TWO.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

TOLD BY WILLIAM HENRY GERNER.

MY position in life at the time of the occurrence I am about to relate was that of junior clerk in the service of the Bemerton Banking Company.

Every one knows, or ought to know, that Bemerton is one of the busiest and most prosperous manufacturing towns in the Midland counties.

If my life at the bank was not altogether to my liking in some respects, it was at least not irksome as to render it utterly distasteful to me; and as it allowed me an ample margin of leisure for my favorite pursuits and studies, my grumblings at the destiny which had condemned me to an existence so uneventful and monotonous had no great amount of bitterness in them.

Besides, I had lately become engaged to a very charming girl; and although the prospect of my marriage with Emmeline lay far in the future, yet the very fact of loving, and knowing I was loved in return, flung a roseate hue over the prosaic details of every-day life, and lent them a glamor they would not otherwise have possessed.

Our bank manager at that time was a certain Mr. Yarrell, a strictly well-meaning and conscientious man, but somewhat too severe, pompous, and unbending in his dealings with those under him.

He was one of those people who find it difficult to believe in or make allowance for human infirmities or weakness of any kind; as a consequence of which he was more feared by his subordinates than liked or respected, which is not an enviable position for any man to attain to.

The oldest clerk in the bank, in point both of years and length of service, was Mr. Mimms.

At the age of sixty-five he still wrote a hand that could scarcely be distinguished from what is commonly called "copper-plate," and his books were a perpetual marvel to us youngsters of a more careless generation.

No one ever credited "Old Meth"—short for Methuselah—with the possession of any extraordinary amount of ability. He was slow, mechanical, and plodding to a degree, but eminently trustworthy, and when that is said, all has been said.

It was perhaps owing to this latter quality of trustworthiness that he was selected in the first instance—that is to say, some twenty or more years before I joined the service of the bank—for the performance of a certain peculiar duty, a duty which had been faithfully carried out by him week by week and year by year without break or interruption—for Old Meth never took more than three days' holiday at a time—up to date of which I am now writing.

One of the largest customers of the bank was the Thorpdale Colliery Company, whose works were situated about sixty miles by rail from Bemerton.

One of the obligations undertaken by the bank in connection with the Thorpdale Company was to send by messenger every Friday night an amount in hard cash varying from five to six hundred pounds, for the purpose of paying wages the following day; and it was as the bank's messenger for this special duty that Mr. Mimms had acted for close on a quarter of a century.

The modus operandi of the transaction in question was as follows:

Into a certain strong black-leather bag, which was never used for any other purpose, the verified amount, whatever it might be, was put, each fifty pounds of gold and each five pounds of silver being tied up in separate canvas bags.

In addition to which, and as a sort of foundation for the whole, from ten to fifteen pounds-worth of copper coinage was always included.

The bag was then double-locked by the bank cashier, and could only be opened by a duplicate key in possession of the cashier at the colliery.

A cab was fetched, and Mr. Mimms having deposited himself therein, to him entered a porter in the uniform of the bank, carrying the all-important bag.

The porter's duty was at an end when he had seen Mr. Mimms and his charge safely shut up in a first-class car, and had watched the train steam out of the station. Thenceforward, Mr. Mimms journeyed alone, except for such chance passengers as might come and go by the way.

On reaching the station at which he had to alight, he went at once to the nearest hotel, where a bed was always reserved for him, locked up himself and his bag for a few hours, paid the money over to the colliery cashier next morning, and was back in Bemerton shortly after mid-day on Saturday.

Thus, without let or accident, had matters gone on for so many years that it almost seemed as if they might go on forever.

But a certain morning brought the manager a medical certificate in which it was stated that Mr. Mimms had been taken suddenly ill and was unable to leave his bed.

We were all sorry for poor Old Meth, whom everybody liked; but five minutes later—alas! for poor human nature—each of us was whispering to his neighbor and wondering which of us would be the lucky individual to whom would be intrusted the conveyance of the Thorpdale bag on the Friday evening next ensuing.

There was scarcely a clerk in the bank who would not gladly have undertaken the duty.

Office life with us passed so monotonously, that almost any change would have been welcomed as a boon.

However, be that as it may, no one could possibly have been more surprised than I was when in the course of the day I was summoned into the manager's room and told that I was the person who had been fixed upon to succeed Mr. Mimms pro tem.

There had been nothing to lead me to suppose that Mr. Yarrell had the slightest preference for me over any of my fellow-clerks, nor do I know to this day why several of my seniors were passed over in my favor.

As, however, the honor, if such it might be deemed, was thrust upon me, I could do no less than gratefully accept it.

Of course Mr. Yarrell did not fail to improve the occasion after his own peculiar fashion.

It was only to be expected of him; for if our manager had one weakness, it was a fondness for hearing himself enunciate to have learned by heart in early life and never to have forgotten.

When I made my first journey to Thorpdale, I quite expected that it would be my last, and that Mr. Mimms would be back at business before the following Friday; but it fell out that Old Meth, instead of getting better, grew slowly worse, so that when, about a couple of months later, we received the news of his death, it scarcely came upon us as a surprise.

Three weeks after this event, Mr. Yarrell sent for me again. He had golden news for me this time.

Not only was I permanently confirmed in my new position as messenger between the bank and the colliery, but I was further informed that my salary was to be augmented by fifty pounds per annum. It is needless to say I was overjoyed.

My marriage with my darling Em. seemed at last within measurable distance.

I wrote her a long letter that evening full of sweet nothings and lover's foolishness.

Before me, I seemed to see an assured and happy future; not a cloud dimmed the horizon.

It is a wise dispensation that in this world one never knows what an hour may bring forth.

The train by which Mr. Mimms had always traveled, and I as his successor of course followed his example, left Bemerton at a quarter past six P.M., and reached the Thorpdale Valley Station, which was about a couple of miles from the colliery, some three hours later.

The railway between the two places was not on any of the great trunk lines; consequently, the service was not what is usually termed an express one; that is to say, all the trains stopped at a greater or lesser number of stations by the way.

For instance, the quarter past six train, which was one of the latest on the branch, made five stoppages between Bemerton and Thorpe Valley.

It is needful to make mention of these points, in order more clearly to understand what follows.

On the particular Friday evening to which we now come—it was in the month of November—I drove down to the station as usual, accompanied by Bingley the porter.

Having found an empty first-class compartment, I proceeded to take possession of it and to set about making myself comfortable for the journey.

The seat I made a point of occupying—as my predecessor had done before me, and I was usually fortunate enough to secure it—was the corner seat, with my back to the engine, on the far side of the car, so that whoever should get in or out would in no-wise disturb me.

As I happen to belong to the lean kine, the seat was roomy enough to allow of the bag being wedged into it with me, although I should have sat more comfortably without it.

I always carried a railway key; and if, as frequently happened, I was the sole occupant of the compartment when the train started, we had no sooner got clear of the platform than I at once made a point of locking the door, by which proceeding I generally insured myself a solitary ride through to my destination.

The fingers of the moonfaced station clock pointed to fourteen minutes and three-quarters past six, the doors had all been slammed, Bingley was standing a little way from the car, ready to touch his hat to me the moment the engine whistled.

I had drawn on my traveling cap, and was already fingering my railway key, when a young lady, carrying a tiny handbag and a slim umbrella, came hurrying along the platform, followed by a couple of porters, and pointing to the door of my compartment, gasped out some inarticulate words. When, a few seconds later, the engine gave its warning shriek, I was no longer alone.

I presume that a young man in a free country like England, even although he is engaged to be married, may look at a young lady—may even look at her more than once especially if she happen to be pretty—without having any serious charge laid against him.

For the young lady who had joined me so unceremoniously seemed to be very good-looking indeed, and I am afraid I must plead guilty to having glanced at her several times.

I say that she "seemed" to be good-looking; but, with the exception of her mouth and chin, which were uncovered, only the merest outline of her features was discernible through the black lace veil which was stretched tightly over her face and fastened in a knot behind.

But the mouth and chin were charming, or appeared so to me, and I judged of what was hidden by what was visible. It was that distracting veil that acted as a lure to my imagination.

Was she regarding me, I wondered, with eyes as curious as those with which I regarded her? Probably not; but it was impossible to tell.

As soon as the train was fairly under way she opened her bag and drew from it a small volume, in the contents of which she apparently became at once absorbed; but what with the veil over her eyes and the wretched light in the car, I felt sure that it was next to impossible for her to read a line.

Evidently she was acting a part, but whatever her object might be in doing so, was no affair of mine. Her age I judged to be about twenty.

She was dressed entirely in black, but was not, I think, in mourning. She sat facing the engine, in the farthest seat from mine on the opposite side.

She might be a countess or a governess, or anything between the two, or so it seemed to me, whose knowledge of the world at that time, although I should have resented the imputation, was on a very limited scale indeed.

Enigmas have attractions for most people, but when there seems no possibility of solving them, they soon become tiresome.

By the time we had left Bemerton half-a-dozen miles behind, my thoughts were beginning to wander back into their wonted channels.

I fell to thinking of my darling Em., and of the sunny prospect which had so unexpectedly opened itself before us. There could not have been a more charming mode of whiling away a tedious journey.

The first station at which our train was timed to stop was Luxford, which is ten miles from Bemerton.

Here a second lady entered the compartment, attracted, as it seemed to me, by seeing one of her own sex there before her; but this second lady was middle-aged and not at all nice-looking, nor ever had been, as far as I could judge.

I took a dislike to her face, or rather, to the expression of it, the moment I set eyes on her. It may have been prejudice on my part, but I could not help it.

Apparently she was about fifty years of age. Her hair was gray, or as much of it as could be seen, which consisted of three flat curls on either side of the forehead.

Her features were prominent, aquiline in shape, but somewhat coarse in outline; she had a small brown mole on the left side of her chin about a quarter of an inch below the corner of the mouth; while the two middle teeth of her upper set were so long and protruded so conspicuously, even when she was not talking, that few people could look at her without noticing them.

She gave me the impression of being well but quietly dressed; but I took no note of details.

A porter had handed into the car after her an oblong black leather traveling case, which she proceeded to deposit on the middle seat while she herself sat down on the seat opposite the younger lady, and, like myself, with her back to the engine.

Being strangers to each other, no one spoke.

The younger lady still kept up the pretence of reading, turning over a fresh page now and again; the elder one bent a meditative gaze on the lamp in the roof of the car and seemed to be deep in a brown study; for myself, I closed my eyes and went back to my castle-building.

I forgot the name of the next station at which we stopped, but it was about six miles beyond Luxford. The third station, which was eight miles farther, was Sherrington.

As nearly as I could judge, we had still about two miles to run before reaching it, when my reverie was broken by an exclamation from the elder lady. "Good gracious! I'm afraid she's going to faint," she cried.

My eyes instinctively followed the direction of hers. The young lady's book had dropped from her fingers, and she lay back in her seat with parted lips, gasping softly for breath.

Her face was very pale; she had pushed her veil up a little farther, but it still shrouded her eyes and the upper part of her face.

"My dear, I'm afraid you feel ill," said the elder woman, as she bent forward and laid a hand on the other's knee.

She gave a slight gesture of assent, and her lips faintly murmured "Water."

"What's to be done?" said the other, turning her black glittering eyes on me for the first time. "The poor thing wants water, and there's none to be had."

"We shall be at Sherrington in two or three minutes," I replied, "where a glass of water can no doubt be obtained."

"Ah, yes, to be sure; there's a refreshment room there, if I remember rightly. Meanwhile, perhaps it would revive her a little if I were to open this window."

I hastened to take the little duty in question on myself.

"Do you feel any better, dear?" asked the elder woman as she slowly bent forward again.

There was a feeble shake of the head, and again her lips murmured "Water." Certainly she looked very ill.

"All she asks for is water," said the other to me. "What a pity it is I left my smelling-salts at home."

The train was slackening speed by this time, and a few moments later we drew up at the platform. At that hour there were but few people about.

Even before the train came to a stand, the elder woman turned to me—

"O sir, pray make all the haste you can and get the poor child a glass of fresh water."

Under such circumstances, how was it possible for me to hesitate, although my instructions were most peremptory that I should on no account quit the car without taking my bag with me?

The refreshment room was only about thirty yards down the platform; I should not be away more than a minute and a half; and with the two ladies in the car, and the door on the opposite side locked, as I knew it to be, what possible harm could happen?

There was not a moment to spare. Hastily throwing my rug over the bag, so as to hide it, I was out of the car the instant the train stopped; and after shutting the door behind me, I sped down the platform as fast as my legs could carry me. I found several people in the refreshment room before me; and about half a minute, certainly not more, elapsed before I could obtain what I wanted.

Then I hurried back as quickly as possible. The younger lady still lay back in her seat, looking very wan and faint, and that provoking veil still hid her eyes and forehead.

The elder lady had taken off her gloves, and was in the act of chafing one of her companion's hands. As she took the glass of water from me through the open window, I could not help noticing, as a rather singular personal peculiarity, that the little finger of her right hand was abnormally short in comparison with the length of her other fingers, and that the tip of it only reached half way between the second and third joints of her third finger; it was one of those trifles to which, under other circumstances, I should never have given a second thought.

The girl drank the water eagerly and murmured her thanks. I gave the glass to a passing porter, and had just time to resume my seat before the train sped on its way.

I spread my rug over my knees again and glanced at my bag; nothing had been disturbed.

In the course of a few minutes the young lady seemed very much better. She gave utterance to a few words of apology and thanks in a low voice, addressed partly to the elder woman and partly to me.

"Are you going much further by train?" asked the other.

"Only as far as Birkwood—the next station."

"Why, that's my station too," was the answer.

Then a little conversation passed between the two in a lower tone, to which I paid no heed; and a few minutes later, Birkwood was reached.

I hastened to open the door for them, and both ladies alighted. Then I handed the elder one her traveling case: she thanked me with a smile which brought her two long incisors into more objectionable prominence than ever; and then she beckoned to a porter. The young lady said: "Good-night, sir; and thank you so very much for your kindness."

Still, it was provoking that she did not lift her veil and allow me to see the color of her eyes. No sooner was the train under way again, than I proceeded to lock the car door; no ladies, young or elderly, pretty or plain-looking, should share the remainder of my journey.

CHAPTER II.

THE NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM HENRY GARNER CONTINUED.

MY destination was reached in due course; then followed supper and bed at the hotel. Immediately after breakfast, I and my bag were driven in a fly to the colliery offices.

Here I found Mr. Wharton, the cashier, waiting for me as usual. After the customary greetings, he produced his bunch of keys and proceeded to unlock the bag, or rather, he proceeded to endeavor to do so, for, strange to relate, the bag obstinately refused to be unlocked. Mr. Wharton stared at me, and I stared at him. "What mystery is here?" he asked.

My flesh began to creep, but I did not

answer. Then he took up the bag and examined it carefully.

"Why, Garner, what have your people been about?" he said. "Why didn't they tell you that they were sending you with a fresh bag? No wonder my key won't open it."

"A fresh bag!" was all I could gasp.

"Undoubtedly. This is not the bag Mr. Mimms used to bring, which you have brought every week since. This one is the same size, and apparently of the same material as the other; but that it isn't the old one, I am certain."

"No one told me about sending the money in a different bag," I contrived to stammer out.

"Then they ought to have told you, that's all," responded the cashier dryly.

I was full of horrible misgivings, which, however, as yet did not formulate themselves into anything definite even in my own mind.

"There's only one thing to be done," said Mr. Wharton after an awkward pause, "and that is, to cut the confounded thing open."

He glanced at the clock.

"I shall have the off-turn hands here in an hour's time, and it won't do to keep them waiting. I'll give you a note to take back to Mr. Yarrell, explaining the circumstances of the case, and that you are in no way to blame."

Then with a laugh he added—

"Why, Garner, my buck, you look as white as if you had seen a ghost, or as if you had smoked a strong cigar on an empty stomach, which, I daresay, would have much the same effect on you."

I was in no mood for banter. I turned to the window while Mr. Wharton went into the outer office in search of something wherewith to open the bag.

Presently he returned with a clasp-knife having a long pointed blade, with which he at once proceeded to cut a slit in the bag large enough to allow the insertion of his hand.

"What have we here?" he said wonderingly, as he drew forth a small canvas bag, tightly tied, and full of something which was certainly not gold. Too impatient to untie the knot, he cut it with his knife and poured out the contents on the table. Those contents were nothing but sand!

For a moment or two the room and everything in it wavered and grew indistinct before my eyes, and I was compelled to clutch at the table to keep myself from falling.

"There has been foul play here without a doubt," said the cashier in deep hard tones. "I hope to goodness, Garner, you have had no hand in it," he added as he glanced keenly at me from under his shaggy brows.

I did not speak; I could not.

With what seemed to me like a species of cold blooded deliberation, he now proceeded to draw out of the slit one bag after another, each precisely similar in appearance to the first one, and each filled with the same kind of coarse heavy sand.

I watched his proceedings in a sort of fascinated stupor. I had a feeling as if for the time being I had lost my identity and had been changed into some one else. When the last bag had been taken out and emptied the cashier's keen eyes fixed me again.

"As I said before, Garner, I hope you have had no hand in this affair."

My silence and evident discomposure had aroused his suspicions. But at last I found my tongue.

"Is it likely, Mr. Wharton," I said a little indignantly, "that if I had had any hand in substituting a bag full of sand for one full of money, I should have been such an idiot as to bring it to you, of all people in the world? Had I wanted to abscond with the money, there was nothing to hinder me from doing so last night, or to have prevented me from being a couple of hundred miles away by this time."

"Your remarks are logical and to the point, my boy. I was wrong to suspect you. But what, then, has become of the money? Are you sure—are you positively certain—that this is the same bag you brought away from the bank last evening?"

I hung my head.

"When I entered this room I could have sworn that it was; but now I have my doubts."

"Um. You never let the bag out of your sight, of course?"

His question caused me to tingle from head to foot.

"Mr. Wharton, let us sit down for five minutes and I will tell you everything," I said in desperation.

So I told him all that had happened from the moment of my leaving the bank, exactly as I have set it down here. He listened without interrupting me by a word; but his grave face grew graver still as I went on with my narrative, and when I came to the end of it, he sat for a full minute without speaking.

"Garner, I am sorry for you," he said at last. "You have been robbed—robbed, I repeat, in a most audacious and barefaced manner."

"You—you don't mean to say, Mr. Wharton——"

"I mean to say that while you were gone to fetch that glass of water, short as was the time you were away, the two women, who were without doubt confederates, possessed themselves of your bag and substituted this one in its place."

I started aghast. It seemed incredible, and I stammered out a remark to that effect.

"Pooh!" he said with a little contemptuous shrug. "What can you, who are little more than a boy, know about the tricks, the schemes, and the dodges of the great world of knavery? There can be no doubt that this robbery has been planned for a considerable period, in all probability before you began to act as messenger. How this class of people contrive to obtain their information is a mystery to me, but they do obtain it somehow."

"But where did the bag come from, and what became of the real bag?" I asked. "The only article of luggage the two women had between them was——"

"An oblong black leather case; those are your own words. Man alive! can't you see that during the two minutes you were away they had ample time to take the bag out of the case and pop yours in its place! There is no doubt that Mr. Mimms, or you, or both of you, have been furtively watched and followed week after week for some time past. This bag, as I said before, is almost a fac-simile of the old one; they have even been clever enough to gauge the weight pretty accurately. Pity so much cleverness wasn't applied to a better purpose!"

He slowly rose and pushed back his chair.

"I must hurry off to our local bank and borrow what I can towards the wages," he said. "As for you, I should advise you to get back by the first train and make a clean breast of it to Mr. Yarrell; but, by Jove, I shouldn't care to stand in your shoes when you tell him!"

I never spent a more miserable three hours than those occupied by my journey back to Bemerton. I took a cab at the station and drove direct to Mr. Yarrell's house.

It was Saturday, and I knew he would have left the bank by that time. I told my tale precisely as I had told it to Mr. Wharton.

He listened in ominous silence—at the bank we all knew that he was to be feared most when he said the least—and when I had come to the end, he simply rang the bell and sent a servant with a message requesting the immediate presence of the superintendent of police or his deputy. The superintendent answered the summons in person.

Then for the third time my story had to be told, my heart sinking lower and lower at each repetition.

Then followed a string of questions from the superintendent, the answers to which he jotted down in his notebook. It was evident to me that his theory of the robbery agreed in the main with that of Mr. Wharton.

When all was over, Mr. Yarrell said to me in his iciest tones—

"You may go now, Garner. You will be at the office at nine on Monday as usual. It will be for the Board to determine what further steps it may be requisite to take in this most unfortunate affair."

I must pass over what followed as briefly as may be.

Mr. Yarrell was one of those men who never forgive a blunder or condone an error of judgment. In his eyes, the thing I had been guilty of almost assumed the proportions of a crime, and I felt only too sure in my own mind that in his statement of the case to the Board all lenient touches on the score of my youth and experience would be forgotten or overlooked, and that in the picture he would draw, all the shadows would be elaborately filled in.

My sentence was not long in being promulgated. In the first place, I was severely reprimanded; in the second, my promised advance of salary was cancelled; and in the third place, I was relegated to a position in the office which I had held upwards of two years previously.

This virtually meant a sentence of ruin as far as my career with the Bemerton Banking Company was concerned. I knew that all prospect of promotion was over, if not forever, at least for long years to come.

I had no mind to sit down quietly and sink into a miserable underpaid drudge, like one or two others whom I saw about me.

Meanwhile, I stayed on at the bank, hoping from day to day that some clue would be forthcoming which would lead to the arrest and conviction of the thieves, and so prove to the world that I had been guilty of nothing more criminal than an act of youthful folly; for it had been whispered to me that in certain quarters it had been hinted that I knew more of the robbery than I chose to divulge; and circumstances which came to my knowledge later on led me to suspect that all my comings and goings about this time were quietly watched without being in the least aware of it.

To a certain extent, however, the story I had told was backed up by confirmatory evidence.

Two females answering the description given by me were traced as having taken a cab at the Sherrington Station, and as having been driven across country to a station on another line of railway five miles away.

Thence they would seem to have doubled back to Bemerton, at which station they were seen, and there they were supposed to have hired another conveyance; but for any further clue which could be found, they might have been spirited away on one of those magical carpets I used to read about when I was a child.

During those weeks of waiting and suspense, a project had been slowly ripening in my mind, and the more I considered it, the more it grew in favor with me. I had a cousin in Australia who owned several thousand acres of sheep-run.

Frank had often pressed me to go out and join him; but, for various reasons, I had hitherto declined doing so.

Now, however, that my propects of advancement at the bank were blighted, my cousin's offer began to look more alluring than it had ever looked before. The one objection there was to the scheme, and it was a very grave one in my eyes, was, that it would separate Emmeline and me for an indefinite period.

If it seemed hard now not to be able to see her for more than a few hours once every six months—she was governess in a family who lived among the far-away Yorkshire moors—what would it seem like with twelve thousand miles of ocean between us?

But it was a question that concerned Em. quite as deeply as myself; so, taking advantage of the Easter holidays, I ran down by rail to Crutchley Priory, where she lived.

By good fortune Em's pupils happened to be away on a visit; so we were enabled to have many long happy rambles together through the old Priory woods, which will always hold a sweet place in my memory. What a brave-hearted, high-spirited girl she was!

Her counsel was that I should go out and join my cousin without delay. She would wait, she said, though it might be a dozen years, till I should be ready to send for her; and when the time came, she would leave everything to obey my summons.

Six weeks later, I had said good-bye to Old England and every one in it for long years to come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GREAT JUMPER.—The first great jumper of America was Sam Patch. He was born in Providence, R. I. in 1807. He was a poor boy, but very clever and daring. While still young he became a sailor, and was a wonderful swimmer. He was fond of jumping from the yard-arms of ships, and after a while he took to jumping from their mastheads.

His daring feats attracted public attention and abundant opportunities were given him to gratify his passion for jumping from elevated positions. His ambition increased to such an extent that he at last conceived the idea of jumping Niagara Falls.

On his way thither he stopped at Rochester, and hearing that they had a good jumping place at the Genesee Falls, he made arrangements to exhibit his daring there. He jumped from an elevation of one hundred feet, in the presence of a vast assemblage, and was much applauded on his rising to the surface of the water.

He then went to Niagara Falls, where he made two successful leaps in the presence of great crowds. On returning to Rochester he was induced to jump the Genesee Falls again. It was now late in the season (November, 1827), and the weather was raw and cold. Sam was hardly more than a boy, being only twenty years old, and of a frank and simple nature. He was handsome and jovial, and had many friends, some of whom indiscreetly led him to drink several times, "to keep out the cold," as they said.

It was observed that when he ascended to the platform from which he was to leap, he seemed unsteady and unusually excited. On stepping forward to the edge of the platform he was greeted with thunders of applause by the thousands who had assembled to see him jump.

He bowed in response to the friendly greeting, and, in a loud, clear voice, said: "Napoleon was a great man and a great general. He conquered armies and he conquered nations, but he couldn't jump the Genesee Falls. Wellington was a great man and a great soldier. He conquered armies, he conquered nations, and he conquered Napoleon, but he couldn't jump the Genessee Falls. That was left for me to do, and I can do it, and will."

At the instant he concluded this singular speech, Sam threw himself forward, instead of jumping from the platform, and going down in a sprawling way, he struck the water with a great splash. A thrill of horror rang through the spectators, and they silently waited for him to reappear. As he did not do so, after the lapse of several minutes, they felt sure that he was killed, and hastened in terror from the scene. The body was not recovered until the following year.

TEST OF CHARACTER.—The sharpest test of a man's character is in his treatment of what is in his power and wholly below him. Motives of self-interest are sufficiently strong and numerous to produce irreproachable conduct toward superiors or equals in strength or knowledge. They have it in their power to defend themselves from attack, to bring persons to account for misdoings, to resist injuries. Much of what renders life valuable is in their hands to bestow or withhold. When therefore we so order our conduct as to conciliate and please those who can thus control our happiness and welfare, it may be a token of intelligence but it does not indicate nobility of mind. When however we come into relations with those who have no such power, who must accept without appeal what we choose to give them, who have no more substantial reward to bestow than gratitude or affection, and no severer penalty than secret and impotent wrath, we show something of our true selves by the way in which we treat them.

TEACHER (instructing a class of young girls): "I told you, young ladies, at the last lesson, that man's brain is larger than woman's. What would you deduce from the fact, Miss Smith?" Pupil: "That with the brain, as with many other things, all depends, not upon the quantity, but the quality."

Scientific and Useful.

ESCAPE OF GAS.—An electric apparatus for the indication of escape of gas consists of a copper cylinder containing a bichromate cell, the current being passed through a small platinum wire, raising it to a dull red heat. If in the apartment where the apparatus is introduced there is any gas mixed with the air, the platinum wire immediately becomes brighter, thus indicating the presence of an explosive mixture. The apparatus, which is the device of a French gentleman, is said to be exceedingly sensitive.

STRAW SHOES.—There has been sent to the Agricultural Bureau a collection of shoes made of rice-straw, like those which are worn by the laboring people in the south of China. The shoes are made by the old and feeble who are unfit for hard labor, and cost only a few cents per pair. It is suggested that the manufacture of such shoes in the rice-producing regions of the southern States would be a most useful innovation. It is also suggested that for nursery use, straw shoes would be invaluable, in giving greater freedom to the growing feet of children.

COLD WATER BATHING.—The use of cold water as a bath for ordinary health purposes is purely reactionary. The cold bath is only useful, or even safe, when it produces a rapid return of the blood to the surface immediately after the first impression made, whether by immersion or affusion. The surface must quickly redden, and there must be a glow of heat. If these facts are not rapidly apparent, cold bathing is bad, and no such effects are likely to be produced unless the circulation be vigorous and both the heart and blood vessels are healthy. Great mistakes are made and serious risks are often incurred by the unintelligent use of the cold bath by the weakly or unsound.

THE PRESSURE OF STEAM.—Steam as compared to water, occupies 1,728 times as much space. A cubic inch of water will make 1,728 cubic inches of steam at atmospheric pressure. Now, if this steam is compressed into half that space it will give double pressure, or fifteen pounds above the atmosphere; and it will then occupy only 864 cubic inches. If reduced again to half its volume, it will occupy 332 cubic inches, and will give thirty pounds pressure per square inch. Reduced again to half the volume, the steam will occupy 216 cubic inches, and will give sixty pounds pressure to the square inch. We can go on reducing in this way until we find that a cubic inch of water turned into steam, and compressed into a space of three cubic inches, will give the enormous pressure of 3,840 pounds to the square inch.

Farm and Garden.

WHITEWASH.—Never use whitewash in the stables or henhouses unless carbolic acid is added to it, as a simple application of the mixture is better than two or three applications of the whitewash alone.

THE SILVER MAPLE.—The silver maple is a rapid growing tree, often attaining a diameter of 10 inches in ten years. It also thrives well on sandy soils, requires but little care, and has few insect enemies.

SOILING.—It has been demonstrated by experiment that one acre of land upon which is grown soiling crops for dairy cows will produce sufficient food to enable the cows to double the yield of milk and butter as compared with the ordinary mode of pasturing. If this be possible with all farmers the extra yield should afford a profit.

STRAINED AND INJURED.—Many horses are strained and injured for life, forced to do after every day's work with more or less pain and suffering, by the driver's attempt to haul more logs or stone, or a bigger load of wood, that some other team has hauled. We should work our draft animals intelligently. A horse is a willing and ambitious animal, ready to do his utmost, and, under the stimulus of word and whip, will often make an effort entirely beyond his strength.

FLOWERS.—A horticultural writer says "If persons having bay-windows only knew how much better plants grow in them when they can be shut off from the living-room by glazed doors, they would soon have it arranged so the plants could be kept in an atmosphere of their own." Nevertheless, plants in a bay-window will do better, as a rule, not shut off from the living-room, if the windows have double sash. The direct draft through the edges of a single sash chills more plants than the heat of the room will kill. Give the windows double sash, and then if you choose cut them off from the room.

FLAVORING BUTTER.—A curious suggestion is found in a French dairy journal. It is to flavor the butter artificially just as we color it. And why not? It can be easily done. If the bad flavor can be given by garlic, turnips, rye, linseed meal, and other foods, why might we not have a mint flavor, a pennyroyal, a chestnut, a rose, celery, and other flavors, just as we give to cheese by such admixtures, or as are given to wines, or as were given to the honey of Mount Hybla or Hymetus by the wild thyme and other fragrant blossoms. So that as regards this matter of butter flavor we are as yet not near the threshold, and peradventure we may use it to beat the oleomargarine and butterine competitors in the same race they are giving us.

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Impressions in Life.

From our babehood upwards, we are making or taking impressions during every hour of our existence. A good many of them are foolish, a great many more of them are wrong; some are pathetic, and others are ridiculous; but we take them all, and, unconsciously, the foolish and the bad, as well as the best and the most beautiful, affect every act and thought of our succeeding life.

These impressions are as much our education as our school and college days. More so, for they are the lessons which fall directly from the lips of life, and even with the School Board in the land, it must be said that they are the best.

Perhaps no man ever quite knows how swiftly, or to what an extent, he accepts impressions, or to what depth they sink into his mind and heart. The analysis of one, with its conditions of cause and effect, is generally too bewildering and complex, or too discomfiting to undertake.

We have received a general impression that So-and-so is a remarkably clever man, who could see through a stone wall if he wished, and we admire him accordingly. But a kind friend, anxious to put our relations straight, tells us that So-and-so remarked that we were a fool, and straightway a new impression forms in our brain, which leaves us with the conclusion that So-and-so's intelligence is a poor thing after all.

There is a very powerful impression abroad that rank, and handsome dwelling-places, and carriages, and horses are the dross, and the true heart the gold. It is a beautiful impression, and becomes part of our very life, in that it flavors the words of our mouth and inspires the writings of our pen.

But, apparently, there is another impression which is also a conviction, for it carries us round hurriedly to call on a friend who has built himself an extra wing to his house, and makes us set out our best silver and lay the finest damask on our table when a friend comes to dine drawn by his own horses; while we find our time so full of business and cares that we find it impossible to pay that long-standing visit to the friend who, by force of circumstances, or the coyness of Fortune, has been compelled to retreat to a back street or a suburban and cramped residence.

The impression in our mind that our friend the laborer has a worthy heart, is very strong. But our friend the banker has a worthy heart too. Probably these two combinations form a double impression on our brains; and, therefore, being still stronger, it is only fair that their effect on our conduct should be double too.

If a man walks off with our last new hat and leaves an old one in its place—if we overhear him remarking at one of our social entertainments that a fool and his money are soon parted—if we see him opening to a fellow-man his door, from which a few minutes before we have been sent away, it is no use enlarging to us any more upon the fact that he has been trusted with untold gold, or that he is a man with widely benevolent views. Our sensitively plastic being has received its own impression of him, and it influences our feelings to such an extent that we will neither trust him with our fortunes nor leave him alone with our last new hat; or the next time we go and call we hire a brougham and put on our best clothes.

For if the fashionable or influential world should have left its impression upon our mind, as it probably has, that it is a good thing to be seen at his gates, we shall certainly act upon that impression by hastening to place ourselves there. For amongst all the others that stir and set into motion unregenerate humanity, there is one which is the mainspring of all, and that impression is that, to do well to self is the most laudable action in the world. As long as fire has power to burn us, or water to drown us, we shall always have a strong personal feeling for that mighty, erring creature designated self.

But this impression is probably only a result of complex ones, and they vary still more as they affect us or are received by our fellows.

We wait at the gates of this man with the impression that we are too great to be disturbed or moved by trifles of jealousy or vexation. We will think of his reputation, and forget the reality as it struck us. But the impression we may be making on our fellows is that of a toady and a snob. It is unfortunate. But perhaps it is neither here nor there after all.

Nobody troubles much about the impression of the poor worm, when carrying out the probably carefully-inculcated maxims of the mother worm it made haste and went abroad early into the dew, except the early bird who found it there. And as the bird immediately and successfully seized its own opportunity, its impressions naturally would be the most lasting and important. And so great is the impression made on man's mind by success, that the early bird has been metaphorically stuffed and preserved in a proverb, to be quoted to our children as soon as they can walk, while but for its own compulsory and undesirable share in that transaction, the hapless worm would be completely forgotten. It is the greedy but successful early bird which points the moral.

It is impossible to lay down any universally applicable rules as to the number of hours which it is desirable to sleep. Probably no two persons require precisely the same amount of slumber, and it is scarcely likely that any person needs the same length of sleep on all occasions. Even the most monotonous lives involve the expenditure of varying quantities of energy, and make differing demands on the stores of nerve and muscle power on several days. It is not implied that sleep is the season of recuperation. That is unlikely in view of the ascertained facts in relation to tissue-feeding and physiological change; but it is nevertheless true in practice that prolonged or exceptionally severe exertion, whether of brain or muscle, requires a correspondingly lengthy or deep repose. Speaking broadly, sleep is the state in which the fires are, so to say, damped down, and the machinery has opportunity for cooling. The bow is, as it were, unstrung, and may recover its elasticity during the recurring periods of slumber.

Whatever be the subject of the book or the nature of the article in periodical or newspaper, if it is worth reading at all, it is worth reading well; that is, with the co-operating power of the reader's mind. Just as eating will do no good unless what is eaten is digested and assimilated with the physical system, so reading can be useful only when what is read is mentally digested and assimilated with the thought of the reader. The only way to accomplish this is to keep the thought-power actively engaged on what is being read. It is far better to read slowly for fifteen minutes a day in this manner than to peruse whole volumes even of the best literature in a passive, languid and unthinking way.

As old age creeps over a person, the conditions of the animal organism change, and they possess less elasticity to meet and overcome such strains as can be invited with impunity in youth. Exposure to inclement weather, the sudden shock of good or bad news, are frequently sufficient to terminate a life which with care would be able to endure many more years of active usefulness. It is therefore highly desirable that persons of advanciug years should make their personal habits the subject of careful study, and with the help of some wise counsellor regulate their daily living in accordance with the changed conditions of their animal economy.

It is the woman who devotes the hours of work most assiduously to employment who will most thoroughly enjoy an evening of social recreation. It is the man who has spent a winter in patient and energetic activity who will best prize and best use his two weeks or two months of summer vacation. It is to him who submits sweetly and cheerfully to the monotony of daily life, with its petty trials, vexations, disappointments and fatigues, that refreshing changes will come with most delight and bring the truest recreation.

The highest, the best, the most permanent pleasures are those which are not sought, but which come from the faithful fulfillment of life's duties and obligations. Indeed, eager search after pleasure in any direction is always fruitless, because it implies a condition of mind to which enduring happiness is a stranger. Selfishness and enjoyment may dwell together for a brief season; but the latter will soon wither away under the scorching influence of the former.

Beauty is not confined to youthfulness; neither is it the exclusive monopoly of those who are upon the hither side of middle age. There is a slow but steadily growing beauty which can come to maturity only in old age. It is the fruit of noble hopes and purposes; it is the result of having something to do, something to live for, something worthy of humanity.

Adversity has its uses, which are said to be sweet; but, though few of us are philosophical enough to feel this while the wound still aches and the smart is still sore, on looking back we can see where the blessing was hidden behind the curse, and how good came out of evil; how the harrow of affliction broke up the hard clod, and let the fruitful seed germinate and grow.

Do your best, and await calmly the result. It is anxiety, not work, which kills; it is work, not anxiety, which commands success. There is a Hindoo saying that the fortune of a man who sits sits also; it sleeps when he sleeps, moves when he moves, and rises when he rises.

Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he do not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun.

Make your home sunshiny and happy, if you want to make it attractive. The young heart is boiling over with glee and frolic. God made it so, and it is your duty to accept it and to provide means for innocent recreation.

There are real trials of soul and spirit that come with prosperity. The more hardy traits of character do not always thrive in an atmosphere of ease as under the constant stimulation of necessity.

It is the little things that are the most wonderful and difficult; it is possible for human enterprise to make a mountain, but impossible for it to make an oyster.

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearsay of little children tends toward the formation of character.

There are people who laugh to show their fine teeth; and there are those who cry to show their good hearts.

Great joys weep, great sorrows laugh. Happy is he who does not know that this is true.

The World's Happenings.

The Chinese alphabet contains 30,000 characters.

Paris is said to consume nearly fifty tons of snails in a season.

New York city has 30,000 landlords, who collect $40,000,000 rent.

The editor of a new Texas paper says he has only six subscribers.

Increasing the weight on his forefeet will change a pacer into a trotter.

Mrs. Prider, of Seaford, Del., aged over 80, has just died of measles.

There are 490,000 unmarried men in Paris against 280,000 married men.

Tennessee has chartered twelve new railroad companies in five weeks.

Boys under 16 years of age cannot buy tobacco at Grass Valley, Cal.

Measles has carried off Moses Parks, of Reynolds, Ga., at the age of 92.

There are 130,000,000 men in India, of whom 7,000,000 can read and write.

An exchange suggests life-saving bustles for men when sidewalks are slippery.

The Czar of Russia receives the largest salary of any ruler—$10,000,000 annually.

A blind man in Iowa can tell the color of a red-hot stove simply by touching it.

The Catharines of the stage are now for the most part spelling their names Kathryn.

A Florida mother has two children, one named Jefferson Davis and the other Abraham Lincoln.

Oil paintings are now used by a Presbyterian preacher in Pittsburg to illustrate his sermons.

The main spring of a Waterbury watch is 24 feet long. The spring of an ordinary watch is 26 inches.

A couple named Blodget, at Gilroy, Cal., have been married 79 years. The husband is 99 years old and his wife 97.

The fear that he would turn into a dog when he died and be owned by a bad man, drove one Reynolds, of Virginia, to suicide.

Senator Edmunds is somewhat of an expert in culinary art, and his soups, beef tea and calf's-foot jelly are unsurpassed.

A woman of 78 years, who was buried at West Peabody, Mass., last week, had never ridden on a horse car or railroad train.

It is estimated that the beggars of Rome receive $2,000,000 a year in alms, and that 500 of them are worth from $15,000 to $25,000 each.

The value of manufactured articles in this country surpasses the value of those made in Great Britain by more than $700,000,000.

Twenty-five years ago there was but one representative of total abstinence in the British House of Commons; now there are over 40.

A Nebraska man who recently died at the age of 102, was shipwrecked many years ago and swam nine miles with a woman on his back.

Fifteen cows huddled in a Northern Pacific Railroad cut to keep from freezing to death, and a freight train came through and killed all of them.

In the bill of a New York dentist, contested in court the other day, were charged 22 appointments that were not kept, at $7 each, amounting to $154.

John Penzel, of Jackson, Mo., purchased coffins for himself and wife ten years ago, which he keeps in the upper story of his house. The old man frequently gets into his to see how it fits.

Some years ago the Solons of the Arkansas Legislature met in due form and passed a solemn enactment to the effect that the State should henceforth and forever be pronounced Arkansaw.

William Narpin, a farmer living near Grand Rapids, Mich., tried to drive a muskrat out of its house by poking it with the butt of his gun. The weapon was discharged and the farmer lost an arm.

A Deming, N. M., justice holds court out of doors because the laws of the Territory, he says, do not provide for a justice office, and the fees will not permit the justice to pay rent and have anything left.

A citizen of Durand, Wis., scooting down hill on a toboggan, ran into a cow and knocked her legs out from under her, and she sat down on him and nearly crushed him as flat as his toboggan.

A meeting called recently in the Town Hall by the Mayor of Liverpool to raise funds to celebrate locally the Queen's Jubilee, was attended by four persons, not counting the newspaper reporters.

Miss Nannie F. Keck, of Cincinnati, a beautiful girl, 17 years old, took so much to heart a sensational article in a daily paper which contained insinuations regarding her, that she was prostrated with brain fever and died.

An English agricultural paper tells of a duck whose egg-laying record is as follows. In 1878 she laid 211; in 1879, 142; in 1880, 145; in 1881, 155; in 1882, 84; in 1883, 30; total, 769. She has now ceased laying and is resting on her laurels.

A 14-year-old scholar in the district school near Vandalia, Ill., took a swallow from his ink bottle the other day to see how it would taste. The next morning he died. His physician said that the ink contained a deadly poison.

A shoemaker of Omaha, Neb., who died last week, left a will directing that his body should be cremated and the ashes placed over a local bar where he used to moisten them a great deal. He left also $3,000 to a local religious institution.

Thomas Broxton, of St. Simons Mills, Ga., has a heifer that has adopted a large dog belonging to a neighbor. She has never had a calf, but treats the dog as if he were one, and shows great anxiety and worry when separated from him.

A PARTING.

BY SUSANNA J.

Once more farewell! Our paths through Life to-day
Lie distant from each other far away—
Yours in the sunshine of the great world's smile,
Mine in the shade; and in a little while
We who have been as sisters all these years
Shall know not of each other's joys or tears.

By many tests our friendship hath been tried,
By Death's dread presence proved and purified;
And worldly cares have pressed on either heart,
As though their weight could force our lives apart;
But now with stronger force I must contend—
Vast voiceless distance robs me of my friend!

No more your loving sympathy can cheer
The daily path, sometimes so rough and drear;
And, e'en if Death should strike a sudden blow,
Long days and weeks must pass ere I should know.
God help us both with Hope's sustaining pow'r
To look beyond the darkness of this hour!

Between Two Worlds.

BY L. M. B.

I DO not pretend to account for the incidents I am about to relate; that they occurred simply and absolutely as I tell them, is enough. If I find readers, let each for him or herself, form and propound theories.

The shadow of the cross had fallen darkly across my life's pathway, and to recruit my over-strained nerves I had drawn myself apart from the home and social circle for awhile, and gone to spend the early summer months in a quiet little village on the East coast.

I had longed for solitude, but found ere long, that too much of it was not good. I was in danger of growing morbid through too much inward looking during those times when pen and books were of necessity laid aside.

I ran over in my own mind my list of friends and acquaintances. For which of them should I send? The society of which one of them could I best endure?

One after another they were recalled and discarded. One knew too much, another too little; this one was too frivolous, that too grave; till at last I reached the very outer rim of my circle of acquaintances, and then a face flashed across my vision. It was that of a young girl I had only twice met casually.

Something in her face, however, bright and beautiful as it was, had attracted me; and now the memory of it seemed to promise a companionship just sympathetic enough to respect my darker moods, without seeking to comprehend them. I felt certain that her nature was a deeper and fuller one than is possessed by young girls generally, and at once resolved to ask her to visit me.

I wrote to her by the next post:

"I can only offer you the society of a lonely invalid; but if you are a lover of nature, as all aspirants in art should be, I promise you a coast worth studying, and a glory of sea and sky that might well fill any artist's soul."

In due course her answer reached me:

"I will come."

On the day fixed for her arrival, the wind had a touch of east, and I was afraid to venture out. I sent the car to meet her at the station, a distance of two miles away.

It was a brilliant May-day, but cold, as May-days are apt to be on that breezy coast. A bright fire glowed in my little parlor grate, a kettle was singing on the hob, and on the gipsy-table by my low basket chair my quaint little tea-cups were set for afternoon tea.

The golden sunshine lay in one broad deceptive glow without, where the garden was all golden-green in the fulness of its new leafage. The deep window was filled with ferns, and amongst the fronds was a canary-cage, whose little inmate chirped and trilled a low song, soft as only the notes of the bird are.

So I waited the return of the car, and as I waited, conjured up my last impression of the face expected. Blue eyes with laughter in them, lips that curved archly, a transparent skin, and a broad brow about which curled bright auburn hair.

Sounds of arrival broke up my vision. I looked out across the ferns. Yes, the car was at the gate. A slight figure in black descended.

My eyes took in at a glance the unchanged contour, the gleam of the auburn hair beneath the black felt hat with the feather border. Ere long the quietude of my little room would be broken with merry chatter.

This thought came reassuringly and almost unconsciously. Life had proved so changeful to me that, since the receipt of her laconic epistle accepting my invitation I had been now and again tormented with the fear that my expectations would be no more realized in this case than they had been in others.

It was not until our first greetings had been exchanged, her hat removed, and she was seated in the low chair opposite to me across the hearth, that I realized there had been more truth in my fear than in the assurance.

The same, certainly, in outward seeming, none but perceptions sharpened as mine were could have detected a difference. On whomsoever the discipline of the cross falls it gives a divining rod which never fails to detect in others the thorns that compose its crown.

She—but for convenience I will give her a name. She was like mignonette—unobtrusive, but fragrant—then Mignonette it shall be. And I? Well, before many days had passed she learnt to call me Sunshine—I, whose life seemed bounded with a horizon blacker than the blackest night. But she said I was to her as sunshine in a shady place.

We were at first like comparative strangers; but as the twilight fell we drew nearer each to the soul of the other.

We passed from the current literary and artistic topics to the borderland of our mutual acquaintances, finding out where our several social circles touched and intermingled.

As we talked, the knowledge was forced upon me more and more that her gaiety was less spontaneous than it had been; that there was evident effort in her sallies of wit; and now and then she lapsed altogether into silence, which she left me to break.

Finally, when I touched upon the sudden death, under very sad circumstances, of one I believed we both knew slightly, her replies became so cold and constrained that I was conscious of a sense of disappointment, believing her wanting in sympathy.

The circumstances were these:

A young medical student, son of a French physician exiled in 1852 who had given evidence of more than genius, had broken down in health through too much devotion to study, just when, by his indomitable energy, he had overcome the obstacles which fate had placed in his path, and seemed to have forced open the gates of fortune, so that a brilliant career lay before him.

As a good opportunity offered, he was strongly urged by friends and medical advisers to spend the severe part of the winter in the West Indies. On the eve of his departure he sent me one of his spirited little notes, saying jokingly:

"I am going to take a run in a friend's boat, so this is good-bye for the present. If I come back, you will hear from me. If I do not——"

The next news that reached me was that the short projected voyage had ended in a longer one. Three days out he was found, towards evening, dead in his berth. Complaining of sea-sickness he had gone to lie down.

It was supposed that he had administered to himself a dose of chloroform as a panacea for the sickness, and returned the cork to the bottle from which he had taken it, insecurely, so that the motion of the vessel had jerked it out. A large bottle belonging to his medicine chest was found empty by his side, and the cork on the floor. He had devoted much time and labor to the study of the effects of chloroform; it was a subject that had always had especial fascination for him, and one of his last duties, before leaving home, had been to deliver a lecture upon it, with experiments. So this promising young life was ended before the completion of his twentieth year.

I had grieved over his premature death, believing that his life, had it been spared, would have been a life of great usefulness. We had had some correspondence upon a question of faith, being a little too much inclined to believe that science was opposed to religion. I felt the same interest in him that an elder sister would have done, and tried to help him in his search after truth.

The firelight had died down as the twilight had deepened. My little canary had gone to roost, and, with no head visible, sat like a ball of feathers on her perch. The moon had risen above the low gabled roof of the farmhouse opposite, and its silver beams stole over the ivied garden wall, in through the casement, and across the feathery fern-fronds, to mottle with shining patches the faded old carpet.

I was resting, with hands folded beneath my head, on the chintz-covered couch under the window. The sadness of this broken life, and the supposed lack of sympathy in my listener, silenced me.

Suddenly, through the stillness of the moonlit room, there sounded a low wail, an unmistakable cry of a heart broken with grief. Then something dark crossed the light and flung itself down in a heap by my side, and a voice half choked with tears broke forth:

"I did not mean to tell you—I did not mean to let any one know, now that it is all over—but—but—if he had come back from that voyage, I was to have been his wife."

Again there was silence—a silence so deep that the faint sigh of the night wind, outside among the leaves, was audible. There are times when no language can express our thoughts, and this was one of them. My heart was full, but only the tritest commonplaces reached my lips. I drew Mignon within my arms, I caressed her quietly but could think of no more comforting words than: "Poor child! poor child!"

It had taken me so by surprise—for I had never suspected that anything more than the most casual acquaintanceship existed between them. The idea soon familiarized itself, as all natural things do.

"Tell me all about it, Mignon; I am bewildered."

She lifted her head; I saw her dry eyes glitter in the moonlight. She was so new to her sorrow as yet, that its magnitude absorbed her.

"You mean, when I first heard what had happened? I had taken Cecile, my youngest sister, up to London. We were at the old place, you know, during my art studentship. We had been out all day, taking Mrs. Brown to chaperon us. I had been showing Cecile some of the sights. When we came back I found a letter awaiting me. It was from Louis, his brother.

"I did not think it could be important, and I opened it before them all. Its contents seemed to stun me. I don't think I realized their import, or believed that it could be true, for I went on laughing and talking only it seemed to me as though it was someone else talking and not I. The others knew nothing about Arnold, and I must not let them know; this was my only conscious thought.

"There were obstacles in the way of our engagement, you see, and my parents had not yet given their full consent. At last I said I was tired and would go to my room. Cecile shared it with me, and until she was fast asleep I could not examine every word of Louis' note; I could not try to make myself believe its contents. It is strange don't you think, that the tears would not come then, or since? I think some things sink too deeply for tears; they lie hidden and work slowly; but they change everything—the earth and the heavens, and life, and one's very tasks and pleasures. I do not care to say much about it, but I know that nothing can ever be the same to me again. And yet—is it not strange?—even my mother is comforted because I do not take it to heart. She thinks I have 'got over it nicely,' as if I had had the measles."

Bit by bit, not that evening, not in one talk, but in many, I drew from her all there was to tell, the whole of the short sad story—probing her sorrow to its depths that I might more effectually pour in the balm of healing.

I learnt amongst other things, that although she did not make moan, as other girls would have done under the circumstances, she had never slept except in short fitful snatches, since that night when she had to keep her troubles from Cecile.

Her nights were spent in feverish questions that were sapping the very foundations of her faith, and doubling her sorrow by rendering its remedy null and void.

Mignon had been diligently instructed by careful parents and teachers in the somewhat narrow creed of Evangelicalism. She had been taught not so much to love God with the trustful dependence of a child, as to fear Him, in the common acceptation of the word fear; and to dread the Hell to which he had doomed so large a portion of His creatures.

"It is not because death has taken him from me that I am troubled," she said, with a drawing together of her brows and a tightening of the muscles about her mouth; "but that I must either give up my hopes of Heaven, or relinquish all thought of meeting him again."

"But where is the necessity for so cruel an alternative? You must tell me more Mignon, for I do not see it in that light that you do."

"Do you not?" with a sudden gleam in her eyes, which, however, faded directly. "You know that he was not a Christian?"

"That was his misfortune and not his fault. I know that he was born and educated in the Jewish faith; still that is not to say that he would always have remained a Jew. And even if he had done so—the Jews, after all, were the chosen race of God. We are all God's children, my dear; Jews as well as Christians."

"Arnold would have become a Christian if he had lived," she said; but in the hopeless tone of one who had carefully weighed and considered every argument, and discarded them all as untenable.

"On his last Sunday in England," she continued, "we went together to Westminster Abbey. It was the first time he had ever been in a Christian place of worship, and he was much impressed by the service. He promised me, then, to give all the time that he could while he was away to the study of Christianity. He took Paley's Evidence, and other books that were recommended, and was quite resolved to come back to me a Christian. I know he would have found the Truth, because he would have been so honest and thorough in his search. Oh, if it had only been granted to him to live a few months longer!"

Her face fell; a wave of agony passed over her.

"Mignon," I said, taking her hands firmly in mine, and speaking distinctly, "if I did not know that you are blinded by heart-sickness, I should accuse you of want of faith and knowledge. Believe me you are making a barrier which does not exist."

"What do you mean? How?" she cried, startled.

I reached my little Bible, and pointed out to her the passage in Corinthians:—"If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

She took the book and read the verse with avidity. Her eyes dilated, the crimson rushed to her cheek, the veins in her temples were swollen and throbbing.

She went over the words several times weighing them more slowly until the larger hope in them sank like a refreshing dew upon her fevered heart and soul. She gave me one mute glance and crept away.

Later, I stole up to the door of her room, and, listening, heard her quietly crying; not hopelessly, passionately, but as one cries when tears come as the natural outlet of the over-charged heart. It is best to let such tears have their course, because each one brings relief. So I left her in the keeping of Him who can bind up every bruised and broken heart.

At tea-time she came down, and in her face was the light of sunshine after rain.

It had grown to be our habit, during those evenings that the moon was approaching the full, not to have the lamp brought in until the moon-rays had banished the last of the twilight shadows, and asserted their sovereignty.

To-night Mignon was glad at heart, and blessed me fervently for the comfort to which I had led her. Words were few after this.

She just nestled to me, and grew still in the contemplation of the happy certainty that hereafter she would meet her young lover, and learn from his own lips how the Truth had been revealed to him.

I, too, was silent, letting my thoughts wander as my fingers moved caressingly over her brow and cheek, continuously, and almost mechanically. How long there had been silence I hardly knew, when Mignon drew herself together with a little shiver, lifted herself then stretched out her arms.

The moon shone full on her face, her eyes were fast closed, her features wore a look of rapture.

"Why, Arnold! it it you, dear? They said you were dead—This is not death! I see you, I feel you; it is your very self."

Was she sleeping, dreaming?

In an instant it occurred to me that the touch of my fingers must have been mesmeric. I had been familiar with the ordinary manifestations of this power all my life, but had never attempted to exercise it, or supposed that I could do so.

Astonished beyond all expression, I watched and listened.

"You cannot stay? But I may go back with you just a little way, and we can talk as we go. Here is Sunshine, who helped me to find you. You cannot speak to her? Wait one moment, then, whilst I explain to her. Sunshine, dear, will you wait for me under this tree? I will come back directly, and then I will tell you what I may not stay to say now."

This was said breathlessly; then she seemed to wander away with him, talking as friends talk who have met unexpectedly after a long parting. I could only follow her imperfectly, for her sentences became fragmentary, and many of her words were spoken in answer to others that seemed to come from him, to which she gave me no clue, save by what was responsive in her own.

I gathered that she was walking with him in a country whose loveliness exceeded anything she had seen before, for now and then came ejaculations at the beauty at which they were surrounded, wonder at the birds, and flowers and grass, which she reminded him, he used to call nature's carpet.

She questioned him about his life, his experience in the new world which he had entered, and seemed to receive assurances that more than satisfied her. In the midst of her gladness suddenly came a sadder tone.

"Must you go? Already? Can you not stay one moment longer?"

She had evidently to school herself to submission; then came the agony of parting. She watched him go away, then drooped and was silent until she seemed to find me again, sitting under the tree.

I spoke to her then, as my shadow self. She was still under the strange influence.

"You have seen Arnold?

"Yes; was it not good? He was allowed to come, just to tell me that all is well. But he could not stay. He is busier even than he used to be; he has all to learn you know."

"All what, Mignon?"

"I cannot tell you, I do not know—it is all so different there. He does not understand either, at present; but he sees more than we can."

"How is that?"

"Do not ask me; I cannot explain." The troubled look came back to her face. "Shall we go, Sunshine?"

I made reverse passes across her brow I blew upon her eyes.

"Wake up, Mignon."

A few seconds passed, then the heavy lids were lifted. She shivered, drew her hand across her brow, and cast a startled, enquiring glance around the room.

"I—I—thought Arnold was here."

"You have been asleep, and perhaps dreaming."

She still looked bewildered and doubtful.

"It was so real. But we were not here, in this room. No, I went to him. Ah! now I remember; there was sunshine, and flowers and we talked—— Oh, could it have been only a dream?"

The pathos in her voice went to my heart. Who can tell? We know so little. We cannot even say what are the experiences we call dreams. And who shall determine when reality ends and the illusion begins?

One thing had been revealed to me, that I possessed the power to soothe her restless nerves, and to induce the sleep which had been banished from her pillow for so long. I had exercised it unconsciously; whether I could exercise it at will remained to be seen.

"Mignon, it was undoubtedly the touch of my fingers that sent you to sleep. You have heard of mesmerism?"

She laughed.

"Yes, but I don't believe in it. Do you?"

"It is easy to disbelieve a thing one knows nothing about."

She looked at me enquiringly.

"I believe the next thing you say will be that you are a mesmerist. And, after that, if you declare yourself to be a spiritualist, I shall not be astonished."

"Mesmerist, or no mesmerist, you must let me try, after you are in bed to-night, whether my touch will again bring sleep."

After a little debate, during which I discovered that mesmerism was first cousin to witchcraft in her mind, it was decided for me to try my experiment. It was a great proof of her growing love and faith that she should submit to me in this.

I lingered over my preparations for bed that night. They were only half accomplished when her voice came to me across the little lobby that divided our rooms.

"I am ready, Sunshine."

In dressing-gown and slippers, candle in hand, I crossed to her room.

Her face was white and worn as it lay on the pillows, but her eyes were bright and restless.

"I am sure I shall not sleep," she declared.

I sat down by her side in silence, and began to pass my fingers lightly over her brow as before.

"There is to be no talking," I said.

Barely a minute or two had passed when her eye-lids dropped; she lifted them the next instant and darted a little glance up into my face.

My grave eyes held hers; then I saw the light fade, a mist replaced it, then again the lids fell, and, in a little while, her deep regular breathing told me she was fast asleep. I stayed my fingers and watched. All was still. She was sinking deeper and deeper into a restful unconsciousness. I bowed my head in silent, grateful acknowledgment of the power that had been lent me to heal and restore; then left her to go to my own bed.

"Ay, but ye're no canny," was Mignon's greeting to me the next morning. "Is it the Scotch blood in you that gave you the power you exercised last night? Can you believe it, Sunshine, I slept, and never wakened till the sun peeped in?"

That evening in the moon-light, she crept to the side of my couch again, and lifted my fingers to her brow.

I yielded to the mute entreaty, and, once more she passed through the gates of sleep into that mysterious world, concerning which we surmise so much, but know so little. If the purpose of this sketch were to lift the veil which divides our denser life from it, I could fill many pages with what I gathered from her unconscious utterances which suggested infinitely more than they actually revealed.

It grew to be a custom that she should have, or seem to have, through my offices, this short interview every evening with her dead lover.

Its duration was always limited; time was given to him to converse with her, which must not be exceeded.

When she awoke, she always recalled, with more or less difficulty, what had passed between them. Sometimes I gave her messages to take from me to him, concerning our past correspondence, and some of the questions we had touched upon therein; and, invariably, she brought me a reasonable and most probable answer.

Only once did she fail to find him, but the next evening he explained how he had been prevented coming to her as usual. Another evening, when the eyes with which she saw into that world, were opened, her earthly ones being sealed, she was dazzled by the brilliancy of the light with which she was surrounded. She could see nothing for a time but just this effulgence.

Sometimes I tried to draw from her explicit accounts of the scenes upon which she seemed to enter, but words failed her; our earthly language seemed inadequate to describe such Heavenly visions.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man," is the best epitome of that which cannot be realized with our present limited capacities.

They who cultivate their spiritual faculties, however, may now and again catch more than a glimmer of those things in the things that are; for the terrestrial world, is in so many ways, a mirror to the celestial.

It is not the lost kingdom of Satan, filled only with the ugliness and wretchedness of sin, but the image of the Heavenly gone astray—the prodigal who has wandered afar; but the days when, like him, it ate husks with the swine, are over and gone; it is far advanced now on its journey back to the Father.

At first there was no doubt that those interviews, real or imaginary, brought unspeakable comfort to poor little Mignon's bereaved heart. And, as through my nightly exercised mesmeric gift, sleep regularly visited her pillow, her health and spirits were improved also.

The joy of being allowed to comfort her in this way seemed, for a time, to lift me above all minor considerations, but then came the reaction which so certainly follows all highly strung feelings.

I became conscious of an increasing lassitude, and sometimes a nervous irritability in the presence of Mignon that I could only with the greatest difficulty restrain. I made an effort to curtail our nightly talks.

The evenings were brighter and milder now, so I prolonged our rambles on the shore, returning to occupy the twilight with a prosaic meal. The moon was on the wane, so there was no temptation to sit through the dusky light and await its rising.

But again and again I was led by Mignon's appealing glance, and my own eager thirst, to penetrate the shadows which veiled from me the world of light she seemed to enter through the means of that mesmeric sleep.

I felt too, that the exercise of this power was giving me an influence over her, even in her waking hours, that it might not be well for any person to possess over another.

She grew more and more subservient to every glance and touch of mine. I could at will put a spell upon her which she was powerless to resist.

By merely concentrating my mind I have for experiment, caused her to fall asleep as she sat with her back to me, reading.

I became troubled and perplexed with the problem that presented itself to me. How far was I justified in continuing to gratify the longing, which became daily more irresistible to her, to cross the boundary of the two worlds?

As the days went by I observed that her interest in our actual surroundings decreased proportionately. She had brought easels and sketch-books, and color material with her, meaning to take away many a bit of cliff and shore; but her art had lost its charm and sketch-books were unopened, her brushes lay idle.

She passed through her days in a dream-like manner, and only seemed to be awake when my fingers had sealed her eyes. No slave could ever have waited upon my looks and words more abjectly than she did.

She knew the very instant when, pen or books laid aside, I should be least able to resist her entreaty. The less alive she seemed to our absolute existence, the more vivid did her perceptions become of Arnold's surroundings.

She never could take me far with her, but always left me at some point to await her return; and from the moment that she seemed to leave me, was perfectly unconscious of my presence.

One evening as we sat late in the lamp-light, and she had gone from me in this manner, she came back, her face beaming with ecstasy.

"Sunshine, oh, Sunshine! he knows all now, for he has been with the Master."

"He has seen Jesus?"

She bowed her face over her clasped hands.

"He has both seen and spoken with Him."

Gratitude, love, joy unspeakable seemed to fill her soul.

Then she flung herself sobbing into my arms.

"Oh, Sunshine, let us join him. It is so hard to stay here, so impossible!"

Sobbing still, she awoke, and the rapture fled in tears as the reality forced itself upon her.

That night my heart was bitterly exercised. What harm was I doing? Ought I not for Mignon's sake and my own, to form an iron resolution, and keep it in spite of every urgent entreaty, to put away from us the exercise of a power that was unfitting us for the fulfilment of the duties of this life? I spread the question, and the doubt, where I had laid so many other difficulties.

The answer was sent me without delay.

The next morning's post brought a letter summoning Mignon home; her mother was not well and wanted her.

Mignon made the announcement with a face of blank dismay.

"You must go, Mignon."

"I—must—go," she repeated mechanically; but her face became ashen-grey, her hands shook.

It was too late for her to take the morning train that day, the only one by which she could get through; she must start on the following one. The prospect of these few hours' unavoidable delay gave her apparent relief.

"There is still this evening, only this one evening, Sunshine, how shall I live without him and you?"

A passionate outburst followed, only stilled by the immediate necessity for exertion, which in despair I enforced.

That evening I received her back from her last interview with Arnold, broken-hearted, but submissive. She wept wearily in my arms for a time, but there was no more rebellion in her tears than in those of a child over-mastered by a will stronger than its own.

If I were to attempt to analyze my feelings as I drove back alone from the station the next morning, I should be compelled to admit that a sense of relief was uppermost.

Now, at last, I could calmly face the difficulty that had crept about me so gradually, and involved me in a maze of doubts and perplexities.

Before I had found the full solution I sought, however, came a characteristic letter from Mignon.

"I am here, and you are there, and Arnold—where I cannot find him. It is all dark, and dull, and dreary. And I do so dread the long years that lie before me."

I schooled myself to write what I meant, in all kindness, to be a strengthening tonic bidding her to close her eyes to the long years, and be satisfied to take each duty of each single day as it arose.

I dared not express even a portion of the sympathy I felt for her; she needed something more stimulating than sympathy now.

Were they even seemingly unkind those letters I sent week after week? I hope no more so than the bracing wind off a breezy moorland.

I due time my way was made clear. I took it unfalteringly.

My stay at the sea-side came to its appointed end. I returned to my home and duties.

* * * * *

A whole year passed by before any opportunity came for Mignon and me to meet. I happened to be in their neighborhood then, and resolved to pay them a short visit.

I wrote Mignon to this effect, and in the prospect of so shortly seeing her, alluded, for the first time in many months, to those evenings by the sea.

"Possibly the power I exercised then was only permitted for that especial time, and for a purpose; I may not possess it still.

"But whether I do or not, I have determined never to exercise it again. You believed, and I am still unable to divest myself of the same belief, that by means of it you were able to hold communion with the spirit of your lost Arnold.

"Up to a certain point, and under the sad circumstances of your recent bereavement, there was comfort in this thought. But beyond this point there was danger, and I am convinced there would be still greater danger in continuing to indulge it. You see, dear child, we are put into this world to do a certain work in it, and this work can only be done by our living in the world, and in the midst of its duties.

"If we withdraw ourselves from them, may-be we miss opportunities we can never regain, and lay up for ourselves eternal regret. To trust and obey are the lessons given us to be learned here.

"Our life here is a life of faith, not sight, and faith is a belief in many things unseen. Doubtless there are many things we need to learn that only faith can teach us. I do not think we ought to enter the world your Arnold now inhabits as long as we are in the body, except by the exercise of the faculty of faith.

"When God wills us to enter we will be taken out of the body. And even were it lawful I am sure it is anything but advisable, except in especial cases. Stray glimpses through the veil have, as we know, from time to time been permitted, either to or on behalf of doubting Thomases; but happier are they who need no such assurances—who are content to await God's own time for the veil to be removed.

"'Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed.'

"You and I are work-a-day people; you with your brush and I with my pen; we cannot afford to indulge in anything which is likely to unfit us for our work. We see the glimmer of the golden gates at the end of a long and toilsome road, but that road must be traversed in steps; we cannot fly over it on wings. Let us take each step bravely and firmly, looking to the end but not anticipating it."

Mignon met me on my arrival, with a chastened sweetness in her young face, that told me at once that she had thought my letter well over, and was prepared to submit to my judgment. Others were present at our meeting; therefore we could interchange nothing but common-places.

It was a large and merry household, and Mignon moved amongst the rest, apart, and yet of them.

After we had separated for the night I listened, and was prepared for her low tap at my door.

"Sunshine," she said, as I admitted her, "you know that I will not question your decision, but do not be angry with me for asking to be allowed to go with him once more to tell him what you say. I should like to hear him confirm your opinion. I feel sure that he will do so, because, when I think of it, it seemed difficult for him sometimes to come to me, and may-be it interfered with his work, as you think it will with ours. Not to-night; you are tired now, and need to go straight to bed; but to-morrow night I will come, if I may."

I could but agree to her petition, thankful that she had yielded so easily and so sweetly.

The next day was full of outward calls upon both time and attention. As one of so large and busy a family, I almost wondered at Mignon's inner life being so strong and real to her.

I noted with relief that she was a very active spring in the domestic machine; that the delicate little mother rested upon her for many things; that the boys found her more patient in solving their difficulties than any other sister; and that the girls went naturally to her for counsel and assistance.

She was not closing her heart to the wholesome calls from without. On account of this I more readily lent myself to the gratification of her request.

She came to my room at the time specified, with her sacred purpose in her eyes. I was in bed, she in her dressing-gown. Without a word she sat down beside me, and rested her head in such a position that the brow lay readily under my fingers.

Long after I knew that she had yielded to the influence of my touch she lay so still with neither speech nor motion, that I began to think the sleep induced was only natural. Then, with a little quivering breath she said piteously:

"I am here—I have come back to you, Sunshine."

I laid my hand upon her eyes and took the usual means to awaken her. She looked at me, dazed for a moment, as she used to do, then glanced round.

"Well?" I said, interrogatively.

She threw herself down by me, clinging to my neck convulsively.

"You could not find him, Mignon?"

"Yes, yes, I saw him. But we have said good-bye till God calls me to join him. I waited a long time; it was not easy for him to come to me; and he says it would be more and more difficult for him to do so, and that it would also interfere with his work. I must never be a hindrance to him; I told him so."

"And he thinks I am right?"

"I told him as much as I could remember of what you wrote to me. Yes, he approves. But, stay; I believe I can recall his own words:—'We ought not to presume upon the privileges which are sometimes granted to us in an extremity.'"

* * * * *

Mignon has faithfully kept her promise to him and to me. Years have passed, but she has never asked nor sought another meeting. She waits and works and is still the centre of that busy household. Sometimes the question is asked—Will she never marry? My own heart answers in the negative, for all Mignon's love is given to him who still lives—though beyond the veil.

JOHN JONES, while milking, tied the cows tail to his own leg, as the flies kept that appendage flopping. After he was taken three times around the cow-pasture on his back he remarked: "I recognize my mistake. I should have tied her tail to her own leg instead of mine."

Over a Wall.

BY PERCY VERE.

"IF YOU please, sir——"

The gentleman addressed nods his head without looking up, his pen still traveling rapidly over the paper, of which many sheets, well covered with his rapid yet legible caligraphy, attest his industry.

"If you please, Mr. Oakesley——" the voice at his elbow commences again.

"All right, Joan; whatever you like," he interposes, and begins on a fresh page.

"He thinks I'm asking him what he'll have for his dinner!" murmurs the first speaker—a comely middle-aged and highly-respected female. "Laws a-me, Master Herbert!" dropping into a more familiar remonstrance, "do 'ee listen to a body for a minute or two."

"Yes, certainly!" is the courteous reply. And Mr. Oakesley, now thoroughly roused raises his head and smiles good-humoredly at his mother's trusted servant. "But really, Joan, you never need take the trouble of consulting me about household affairs. Do precisely as you would if your mistress was at home; and if my meals are a bore to you now she is away; pray say so, and I'll get them at a restaurant."

"Or never have them at all," said Joan gravely. "I'm terribly afraid that, if you was left to yourself like that, missus would find nothing of you when she came home but skin and bone."

"And brains, I hope; leave me my brains Joan. Have you done with me?" and the pen was immediately dipped in the ink, for the author was in the vein, and did not care to be interrupted.

"Oh, Master Herbert, don't begin again—at least not here! You know you promised missus you wouldn't shut yourself up too much in this pokey little room, and here's the sun shining into it like an oven, and I'm certain sure that roasting yourself can't be good for the health. It's hard upon me, that it is, after promising so faithfully that I'd take care of you, and not once have you been outside the door these three days past, though the weather's that beautiful it would tempt a snail out of his shell."

The author knit his brows when want of breath compelled Joan to pause.

Phew! the room was warm indeed, though he had not noticed it; and perhaps this accounted for the ugly pain that shot now and then through his temples. Yet how could he lay his work aside just as his thoughts were flowing so freely?

"I tell you what I'll do to please you," he cried at last. "I'll carry my desk into the garden, and sit under the ash-tree on the lawn. Will that satisfy you, you tiresome old woman?"

"Anything were better than spending a glorious summer morning shut up in the house!" Joan responded, as she snatched up a folding-chair and the waste-paper basket—inwardly resolving to commence "clearing up" in the study as soon as its owner had vacated it, and so render it uninhabitable again for some time to come.

Unconscious of her intentions, Herbert Oakesley sat under the shade of the pretty tree that was the pride of his mother's tiny lawn, working busily, till a crash and a series of ear splitting yells startled him into blotting a sentence, and jumping out of his chair to ascertain the cause.

Had Joan met with an accident?

No; she was just coming towards him with his lunch, which he would otherwise forgotten.

"It's the other side of the wall, sir, at Jasmine Villa," she said, in reply to his inquiring look. "The old gentleman that used to rent it has gone away, and it's let to a family; and it's a shame the walls between these 'ere semi-retached houses as they call 'em ain't made thicker. Those children wake before any Chrissen woman wants to open her eyes, and they sing and they cry, they shout, and make all sorts of hijjusest noises right on till they go to bed again. They ought to be indicted for newsomses—that's what they ought to be!"

Having finished her harangue and insisted on her master swallowing his cold chicken, Joan went back to the house, and Mr. Oakesly was busy looking out some references when voices became audible.

"I'm up first, and shan't make room for you if you don't promise to give me your boxer top."

"I shan't—I shan't!" was the reply. "And if you knock me off the ladder I shall break my leg and you'll be hung for it, there now!"

"You're not going to have more than your fair half," said the first speaker; "and you'll have to hold on by the top of the wall. There's not much to see; only a garden like ours."

"It's better; there's more flowers."

"That's because you slashed off ours with your whip. I say, there's something under that tree; what is it?"

"Dun no'," answered the other voice; "but if I'd got a stone I could hit it."

"Won't a big marble do?"

Apparently it would for, after a brief interval the top of the very elaborate inkstand with which Mrs. Oakesley had furnished her son's study-table was knocked off by a well-directed shot.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Oakesley testified no regret. His mother's present, being gaudy and inartistic, had always been an eyesore to him, and he was glad of an excuse for shelving it; but when a very fine specimen of a "taw," came spinning through the branches and struck him instead of the inkstand, the pain was so severe that he darted across the garden, vowing vengeance on the offenders.

A glimpse he caught of a couple of pale-faced urchins peering over the wall—a

glimpse and no more. In an instant they had vanished, their hasty disappearance being followed by a tremendous hubbub, shrieks and groans mingling with laughter and expostulations uttered in Hindostanee.

"I hope the little cubs have hurt themselves!" said Mr. Oakesley, viciously; "it may induce them to leave me in peace!"

But it did not. The delight of climbing up a ladder to the top of the wall, and from that point of vantage aiming at the quiet student under the tree, proved irresistible to his young neighbors.

He would have retreated to his study, but on opening the door he found Joan and a charwoman in possession; so he went back to the lawn, which by this time was dotted with missiles of various descriptions—stones from a rockery, toy skittles—legless, armless, and in one case wigless, dolls, whose juvenile owners could be heard loudly bewailing their loss.

"This is becoming intolerable," quoth Mr. Oakesley. "I shall have to retort on my persecutors. I have borne with them rather too long!"

Accordingly he filled the little garden engine, and wheeled it in to a suitable spot; then, with the hose in one hand, and the handle of the pump in the other, stood ready to receive the next charge of the enemy.

He could hear a shrill chattering going on, and a series of recriminative speeches—"It was Bob began it!" "No, no, it was Tom!" "It was!" "It wasn't!" followed by a storm of reproachful expletives, with which there seemed to mingle softer tones, alternately pleading and reproving.

But these were drowned in scornful cries of "Tell-tale!" during which one of the rungs of the ladder creaked ominously. The besiegers were returning; a pair of slender hands grasped the top of the wall, a face appeared above it, and was immediately saluted with the contents of the garden-pump.

In the very act of dashing that blinding shower at the said face Herbert Oakesley was seized with the conviction that it did not pertain to either of the urchins who had been annoying him. Taking advantage of a broken brick and the stem of a young pear-tree, he swung himself up, and looked over the wall.

A group of children had clustered round a lady, from whose brown hair and the shoulders of her dress the water was dripping freely.

Why, what a blunder he had made! Ought he not to apologize?

But ere he could do so the lady ran into the house, with the children after her; and Mr. Oakesley, though he decided to send a written apology, coupled with a description of the proceedings that had provoked him into reprisals, went so busily to work at his manuscript that he forgot the affair altogether.

His recollection of it was reviewed in the evening when he sauntered down the garden paths with a cigar, for, coming in sight of the window of the nursery at Jasmine Villa, he was instantly assailed with shouts of scorn and derision.

In vain did a brow-skinned ayah seize one after another of her charges and bear them off to their cribs. They struggled out of her grasp, and came back to stand at the window and hurl their wrath at Mr. Oakesley.

Four little children, white-gowned and barefooted, continued to call him "Bad, wicked man," and "Old Man Noah," in allusion, as he conjectured, to the deluge of the afternoon; and then four little red tongues were glued to the sash, while their owners made hideous grimaces at him till he prudently betook himself indoors.

Not at all inclined to provoke a repetition of these attacks, yet still debarred the use of his study, the author carried his writing-materials on the morrow to a wide balcony at the back of the house outside his mother's drawing-room.

To enable her to indulge her love of flowers, this balcony had been roofed in with glass, and here, amidst the roses and climbing plants that bloomed nearly all the year round, Mrs. Oakesley was wont to spend her mornings. Here, too, her son would have spent his; but, alas! an upper widow of Jasmine Villa commanded it, and from the window one of his enemies espied the studious occupant.

Both Tom and Bob had been induced to promise not to throw anything else over the wall, and they had had a sufficient sense of honor instilled into their young minds to make them intend to keep their word: but against this promise must be set off a strong desire to be revenged on Old Noah, as they so irreverently called their gentlemanly neighbor.

To see him sitting in full view, his back to the window, his well-shaped head and broad shoulders presenting such an excellent target, proved irresistible.

Narrowly missing one of Mrs. Oakesley's finest orchids, down came a cricket-ball, smashing a couple of panes of glass and a flowerpot before it alighted on the retriever lying in happy slumber beside Mr. Oakesley's chair.

The dog yelped loudly, and Joan, who was dusting the drawing-room, flew out to inquire what had caused the mischief, and scold furiously at the now invisible culprit. But while she swept up the broken glass her master donned his hat and coat, that he might go and expostulate seriously with the parents or guardians of this unruly boy.

That ball might have struck his nervous, delicate mother—and under any circumstances such wanton destruction of property was not to be endured. So, with a very stern expression of countenance, he strode down his own forecourt, and the next minute was rapping at the door of Jasmine Villa.

* * * * *

"You must come in, please, whoever you are," said a sweet, clear voice. "The door is ajar, and the servants are helping the ayah to find Robert. You have not brought us any tidings of him, have you?"

The young lady who thus addressed Mr. Oakesley was sitting at the foot of the stairs, pent there by a couple of children, one of whom lay asleep on her skirts; the other, an infant, was cradled on her knees.

She was a slim, brown-haired, brown-eyed little creature, too young and girlish to be the mother of these babies—too inexperienced to be their nurse. She looked hot and worried; her curly hair was dishevelled, her pretty morning-dress crumpled; and yet when the infant moaned and stirred in its sleep she rocked and hushed it both tenderly and lovingly.

But she was looking for a reply to her question, and after denying any knowledge of the missing Robert, Mr. Oakesley had to introduce himself as the tenant of the adjoining house.

The fair face flushed into a rosy crimson, and a smile began to struggle with the young lady's gravity. She was evidently thinking, though not angrily, of the drenching she had received on the previous day.

"I am afraid I treated you very rudely yesterday," his visitor stammered, losing all his ordinary self-possession.

"Yes," she replied demurely; "it was rather a brusque way of receiving a would-be apologist. Before ordering the removal of the ladder I thought I ought to speak to you, and beg your forgiveness for those naughty children whose scandalous behavior I had only just discovered."

"I hope you will forgive me," was all Mr. Oakesley could find to say. How odd that such a profound thinker and brilliant talker should be so disconcerted in the presence of this brown-eyed girl!

But a crashing noise made her start, and ask uneasily what it could be.

Mr. Oakesley shrugged his shoulders.

"By the direction of the sound I should imagine it was some more of the glass in my mother's conservatory."

"Some more! Oh, sir, what do you mean? The little girls are for once playing quietly with their new dolls, and I have locked Tom in one of the bed rooms, for fear he should follow Robert's example and run away. Surely he is not in fresh mischief!"

"He certainly is," was the reply; "and with your permission I will go up stairs and put a stop to it."

A howl from Tom when a strong arm whisked him down from the window-sill on which he was sitting, with one leg dangling outside, proclaimed his alarm at finding himself in the clutches of a stranger; and if Mr. Oakesley did shake him a little as he led him down stairs it was excusable.

The young lady sighed as she was apprised of what he had been doing.

"I am so sorry, so very sorry," she said, plaintively, "and indeed I would keep them all in better order if I knew how; but they have never been taught to obey, and knowing I have no authority over them they defy me. Now, too, that baby is so fretful and poorly, I cannot watch them as carefully as I should like to do, and the ayah is even more useless than I."

"Am I correct in supposing that these children are your nieces and nephews?" Mr. Oakesley ventured to surmise.

"Oh, no; they are not related to me at all. If they were I believe I should slap them."

Then she was the nursery governess. Poor thing! His commiseration was so plainly depicted in his countenance that she divined what he thought, and smiled even while she blushed.

"Those little ones are the children of Dr. Walmsley, of the —— Regiment, stationed at Bombay, where I have been paying a long visit to a married sister, who, fancying I began to feel the effects of the climate, sent me home last month under the charge of Mrs. Walmsley, who was also returning to England for her health."

"Then you are not acting as gov——but how inquisitive you must think me! I assure you I am not in the habit of asking impertinent questions."

"Indeed I did not think your interest impertinent," she replied, frankly. "After what you have had to endure from my troublesome charges, I am glad to be able to tell you that I am not to blame for their being so unmanagable. During the voyage I was not well enough to see much of my fellow passengers, but Mrs. Walmsley was very kind to me, and I pitied her extremely when she received a letter, as soon as we landed, bidding her hasten to Drogheda—she is Irish by birth—if she would see her dying mother."

"And you assumed the care of her children to set her at liberty to do so?"

"I could not refuse, could I? but I did not think Mrs Walmsley would be so long absent, or her six little ones so very restless trying and disobedient as they have proved themselves."

Here there was an interruption; a policeman making his appearance, lugging along with him Master Robert, and followed by the cook, house-maid, ayah, and a small crowd of boys.

The fugitive had been found in the custody of an old apple-woman, who, having invited him to taste her fruit, he had eaten and enjoyed himself till she made the discovery that he had run away from home without providing himself with any funds.

After an ineffectual attempt to make him see the error of his ways, Mr. Oakesley turned to the young lady whom the servants called Miss Seddon—Miss Amabel Seddon—and inquired whether Joan could be of any use to her.

He was gratefully thanked.

"Does she understand the management of babies?" Miss Seddon asked, with a wistful glance at the flushed face and heavy eyes of the one under whose weight she was bending. "The ayah sighs and groans, yet opposes me when I suggest calling in an English doctor, and yet I am sure the poor little thing is ill!"

Her fears were speedily verified, for scarcely had Mr. Oakesley bidden her farewell, promising to send his shrewd, sensible housekeeper to her assistance, when a cry of dismay drew him back.

The infant was in convulsions; the ayah crept into a corner, and the other servants knew not what to do.

Rushing into his own house in search of Joan, Herbert Oakesley ran into the arms of his mother.

The friends with whom she had been spending a week or two having been suddenly called to town, she had accompanied them that she might have a peep at her boy, who had never welcomed her more joyfully than at this moment.

She was a kind-hearted, sensible woman, so fond of children that the death in their infancy of all her own save Herbert had been one of her deepest sorrows. On hearing the nature of Miss Seddon's trouble, and such further particulars as her son had time to give her, she was generously eager to go to the young lady's assistance.

Into her motherly arms she took the suffering babe, while Joan whisked off the elder boys and girls to whom she devoted herself, until the medical man who had been summoned pronounced the little one out of danger.

It was astonishing to see what a talent for government Joan developed. Her sharp eyes that saw and checked rising mischief, her story of fairy lore and nursery rhymes now made use of for the amusement of the children; her skill at inventing games, or supplying them with a child's great want, "something to play," made her an invaluable assistant just then; while Joan herself was heard to say more than once that, in spite of the trouble they gave her, it was a bit of a change in one's quiet life, and hadn't come amiss.

Mrs. Walmsley was absent for another fortnight, her mother still lying in such a precarious condition that, as she received good accounts of baby's progress, she did not consider herself justified in leaving her.

How many hairbreath' scapes Tom and Bob had in those weeks, and how much anxiety they and their little sisters cost everyone who came in contact with them, we will not pause to record; but certain it is that the judicious treatment they received rendered them daily more docile and lovable.

By the time Mrs. Walmsley did rejoin her offspring her little boys had become as warmly attached to Mrs. Oakesley as to Miss Seddon, while the little girls would fly to get "Old man Noah," and struggle to be the first to receive his kisses; but much though they had improved, neither the author nor his mother felt sorry to learn that Mrs. Walmsley had decided to settle in the country near to her own relations.

With regard to Miss Seddon—they were not so cheerfully ready to lose her; and when she announced that she could no longer delay returning to the village rectory in which resided the uncle and aunt by whom she had been adopted, Herbert Oakesley discovered that she would take his heart with her.

Apparently he mustered courage to tell her so, and apparently he was heard with a blushing reluctance to inflict pain on so estimable a man; for Joan and Mrs. Oakesley are very busy fitting up their prettiest suite of rooms for the reception of the dear girl whom both consider almost worthy of Herbert's affection, and at the before mentioned country rectory preparations are being made for a bridal.

How to Grow Thin.—An eye witness describes in the following humorous way an apparatus recently constructed for the anti-fat cures of some German professors: "Imagine to yourself a gentleman of aldermanic rotundity, standing in a sort of treadmill, and hard at work trying to mount an imaginary staircase, without ever getting above the first step, inasmuch as the upper ones are constantly collapsing under his weight. This exercise may strengthen his lungs and even make him lose a pound or two of adipose; but the total effect would be but half accomplished if the builder of this interesting gymnastic machine had not also, in addition to this simulated mountain ascension, taken care to provide for a corresponding change of air. The physical exertion of ascending the continuously descending steps causes the unhappy climber to set in motion a system of bellows, which forces a current of air full in his face. Instead of the common street air, however, the victim is made to inhale air impregnated with extract of pine and other forest-trees, and oxygen, thereby procuring him, within the walls of the city, the illusion of filling his lungs with the invigorating air of high mountains."

Bill Nye's suggestions to the Agricultural Bureau at Washington include one favoring iced tea by grafting an old-fashioned teapot on some hardy variety of the refrigerator. Another approves of inbreeding the milkweed with the common potato in such a way as to produce peeled potato with milk gravy on it. Probably these great questions will not be grappled with the problem is solved as to the best time to smear the hydraulic ram.

Sue: "Here is a story of a dog that knew when it was time to bring the sleepy boys by looking at the clock. What kind of a dog do you think it was?" He, smiling: "A watch-dog, I suppose."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

One of the many popular clergymen took recently somewhat strong measures to put a stop to the constant coughing and sneezing in which so many people indulge when they are in church. Finding himself interrupted almost as soon as he began his discourse by a perfect storm of coughs, he shut up his MS. and said, blandly, "I am very sorry to see that so many of you are suffering from coughs which apparently you cannot restrain. The subject I chose for my sermon to-day demands very close attention, which neither you nor I can give owing to your severe colds, so I shall postpone my address until you are better." He then pronounced the blessing, and left the pulpit.

Some one suggests, apropos of the new monster of the deep, the Nautilus, which can remain under water for twenty-four hours, a new use for submarine men-of-war. In the absence of any uninhabited islands, the suggestion is that there could not possibly be a pleasanter place in which to spend a honeymoon than on board the Nautilus with the privilege of "going down." It is opens up quite a new idea to young brides fond of novelty. To descend fathoms deep and toss about with tangle and with shells as the great waves swept overhead, would be an experience as odd as to many people it would be nerve shaking. It would be a romantic test of the recent avowal "for better or for worse—till death do us part."

Signs are not lacking that women is destined to play a strange and important part in the future of American civilization. In the United States there are female lawyers, parsons, doctors, dentists, speculators, engine-drivers, blacksmiths, shoe-blacks and politicians. There is to be a female candidate at the next election for the Presidency, as there was at the last; and in Canada a woman has just been appointed chief clerk of the Mortuary Bureau at Ottawa. Men's superiority is, in fact, threatened all along the line, and his parlous state may be inferred from the following advertisement, which appeared in a Baltimore paper:—"If father will promise to behave properly he may return home without fear of being again turned out of doors by his affectionate daughter Lizzie."

A popular actor the other day complained that in order to fit himself for the assumption of a certain part he had been obliged to shave off his moustache. It was a very beautiful moustache, no doubt; but surely the getting rid of it was no great sacrifice. "Three years ago, Mdlle Dudley, of the Theatre Francais, had six of her front teeth extracted to enable her to command the lisp which was proper to her role in the play called Les Mauvaix. There was love of art, indeed! The heroic and painful sacrifice recalls a story which is told of Theophile Gautier. Being troubled with a severe toothache, he called on a dentist, and had the offending teeth removed. "Now," he said, "they will not plague me any more and lest the others should ever worry me, I think that you had better take them out too. I have had enough toothache to last me for a lifetime, and I want rest." He left the room without so much as a stump in his head.

With a business-like regard for the popular delusion that a long life is commonly an unmixed blessing, some speculators are said to have established an association, which, according to its prospects, is in possession of rules and receipts that will enable people of ordinary healthy constitution to live to the age of at least a hundred—provided, of course, that their days are not in the meantime cut short by pistol bullets, steam boiler explosions, railway accidents, patent medicines, earthquakes, the strong arm of the law, or other adventitious fatalities. These benefits may be obtained on payment of the ridiculously small sum of five dollars. Ten thousand subscribers have sent in their names and their money to the Union; and it therefore seems likely that, at all events, until a few unreasonable members die on the green side of ninety, the benevolent promoters of the new association will be able, should they desire to do so, to dress in the modern equivalents for purple and fine linen and to fare sumptuously every day.

The nose, we all know, forms a prominent feature in everybody's career; but it has been left to a Danish disciple of Lavater, to find out that it is an infallible index to human character. He tells us in a book just published, that his discovery is the result of a long and patient study of this facial organ among people of all nations. According to his experience, the moral and physical nature of a person can be gathered from the formation of his nose. A well-developed nose, he says, denotes strength and courage, a little turn-up nose indicates cunning and artfulness; a delicate straight nose, taste and refinement; a curved nose, judgment and egotism; and a thick, misshapen nose, dulness and want of tact. But this is not all. "The nose," proceeds our physiognomist, "discloses to the intelligent observer the faculties possessed by the owner. It also indicates the intensity of its intellectual activity and the delicacy of his inner sentiments. Finally, the nose, whose mobility runs to the mobile and humid surface of our visage, reflects faithfully all fugitive movements of our inclinations." If all this be true, it is evident that any who desire to disguise their character or dissemble their passions must in future beware of their noses, or, rather, they must wear false ones.

Our Young Folks.

THE PAINT BOX.

BY L. F.

YES," thought Madge Wright one day. "Yes, I have quite made up my mind. I want a paint box, and so I'll spend my sixpence on it. Oh, I do wish aunt would make haste."

Madge was a girl who was now eight years old, and she had come to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Lake, while Mr. and Mrs. Wright spent a few weeks in Rome.

Mrs. Lake had told her to wait at the gate, for she had a few words to say to cook. It was a warm spring day, and Madge had on a thin blue blouse, and a dark-blue felt hat with a silk cord around it. Her thick hair was fair, and shone like gold when the sun's rays fell on it.

Mr. Lake's house, "Green Bank," was a large one at the top of a hill. As Madge stood at the gate she saw a poor girl pass by. Her clothes were all in rags, and her hat, an old straw one, had the brim half torn off.

In her hand she held a jug. She had not gone far when she heard her scream, and saw her fall with the jug to the ground.

"Madge," said Mrs. Lake, who just then came out of the gate, "who is that poor little girl?"

"I don't know, aunt," said Madge. "She fell just now, and broke her jug, and lost her milk."

"Poor girl," said Mrs. Lake. "How was that?"

"Please, m'm, I fell on the curbstone, Mrs. Brown, that I live with, is ill, and I went to get half a pint of milk for her, and now it's all gone," said the girl, with great sobs.

"Don't cry, my dear," said Mrs. Lake. "Tell me your name, and where you live, and I will see what I can do for you."

It was a long, sad tale the girl told. Her name was "Het." When she was three or four weeks old, Mrs. Brown found her one cold night on her door step, and took her in and fed her, and brought her up as her own child.

At that time Mr. Brown had a small shop and they were not so poor; but since then he was dead, and Mrs. Brown had had to leave the shop, and go out by the day to work, until she grew ill, and could do so no longer.

Then one by one she had to sell her things to buy bread; "and now," said Het, "Dr. Jones says she will die if she does not have more good food to eat."

Whilst Madge stood by and heard this tale, she thought—

"I don't want a new paint box; my old one is still quite good." Then she said, "Here, Het, are some pence that I don't want, so you may have them."

"Oh, thank you—thank you, miss!" said Het. "You are good to me." There were tears in her eyes now, but they were tears of joy. "I can buy her both soup and milk with this. May I go now?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lake; "but stop—where do you live?"

"No. 10 Gas Lane, on the top floor."

It would be hard to say to which of the two girls those few pence gave the more joy; but Madge felt that Het's warm thanks were worth far more than the paint box she had meant to buy.

When they went in to lunch, Mrs. Lake told Mr. Lake Het's tale, and said she meant to go and find out if it was all true.

"Yes, but," said Mr. Lake, "Gas Lane is such a bad part of the town; I don't quite like you to go there. It is a great place for thieves to lodge."

"Well, it won't be the first time I've gone," said Mrs. Lake, with a smile. "Don't stop me now."

And as soon as lunch was done, Mrs. Lake went. She soon found 10 Gas Lane, and was let in, and was told to go up to the top of the house.

When she got to the room it was so dark that at first she did not see Mrs. Brown, who lay on a heap of rags at one end of the room.

Her cheeks were pale, her breath sharp and quick, and her lips dry with thirst. Mrs. Lake sat down by her side and spoke a few kind words to her, and made her taste the strong soup she had brought to her.

"How good this is," said Mrs. Brown; "and I am sure I do think it kind of you, ma'am, to come and see me. I know I shall soon die, and what grieves me is that Het must go to the House."

"Don't fret now, Mrs. Brown, for that will make you worse; and as for Het, do not fear for her; if she is a good girl, I will see what I can do to help her earn her bread. I will not stay now to let you talk, for that will tire you. Het must let me know how you get on."

Mrs. Lake went home, and that night Madge and she made lots of plans to help Mrs. Brown and Het.

Madge had been in bed an hour, when Jane, the maid, came to Mrs. Lake, and said—

"Please, ma'am, a girl by the name of Het Brown would like to see you."

"What is it, Het?" said Mrs. Lake. "Is Mrs. Brown worse?"

"No ma'am, thank you; but she sent me up to let you know she thinks some thieves mean to come to your house this night; they live in the room next to ours, and she heard them say so."

The news she brought was quite true, for Mr. Lake and his groom sat up that night to watch, and at twelve o'clock they heard a noise on the path, and a voice in a low tone say—

"Look, Bill, there's a light in that room; it won't do for us to have a try just now." So Het had put a stop to the thieves' plan.

Mrs. Brown did not live more than three days, and Mrs. Lake, true to her word, took care of Het, and sent her to a home for girls who have no friends, and there she will learn to be a cook.

LOTTA'S SECRET.

JULIA GODDARD.

ROSES, violets and pinks, you are quite sure, Anne; and there is one at the shop just like it?"

"Well, I won't say it's just exactly like, for you see it's a many years since it came to me."

"And you never knew who had sent it?"

"Never," returned Anne emphatically; "and I never sought to; it would have spoiled it all. It is a secret forever."

Lotta was silent for a moment, then she said—

"I should like to have that picture at the shop, Anne."

"What for, miss?"

"For a great secret that would never be found out. Can you keep a secret, Anne?"

"Of course I can."

"Then, Anne, I should like that picture for Arthur; he would never guess who sent it, and it would be a secret like yours, Anne."

"I wouldn't be so sure of that, Miss Lotta. Master Arthur is one who never rests if there is anything to find out."

So the matter was settled; the rose and violet picture was bought, put into an envelope, and posted.

This was the first part of the secret.

* * * * * *

Lotta was waiting for Anne, who had gone downstairs to watch for the postman. Presently Anne came back.

"Miss Lotta, Miss Lotta! Master Arthur has got it; and he's looking at it at the foot foot of the stairs."

Up sprang Lotta.

In another moment she was at the foot of the stairs, with her hand on her brother's arm, trying to peep at the picture which he held in his hand.

"What is it, Arthur dear?"

"What is it?" repeated Arthur indignantly; "it's the stupidest, silliest, ugliest thing I ever saw; a lot of scarlet and blue ridiculous flowers, not like any real ones I ever saw. And there's no name to it. I don't wonder the person who sent it was ashamed to put a name to it. Such a baby thing as this is fit only to be thrown in the fire!"

And Master Arthur paused in the midst of his angry protest, and tearing the red rose picture into pieces, scattered it on the pavement.

It was more than Lotta could bear; and trying to restrain her tears and check her rising sobs, she slipped softly past her brother.

"I say, Lotta," called her brother after her; "don't tell any one that I've had this wretched thing; every one would laugh at me. I'll just pick up the bits and throw them into the fire. You will keep the secret, Lotta?"

"The secret!" echoed poor little Lotta's fast-beating heart. She rushed along the hall as fast as she could, and stumbled over something lying on the ground.

She had fallen over the faithful Neptune, who was standing beside her, licking her face and hands. In a moment her arms were around the dog's neck, and she burst into an uncontrollable fit of crying.

"I'll never try to have a secret again, Nep, never, never!"

* * * * * *

"Why, Lotta, Lotta, what is it? Have you hurt yourself?" said Mr. Lee, coming out of his study.

"No, papa, no," said Lotta; "but I will never have a secret again."

Mr. Lee looked wonderingly at his little daughter, and by degrees drew from her the story of the rose and violet picture.

"And I wanted to make a secret for twenty years, just like Anne's secret," sobbed Lotta.

"Does Arthur know about it?" asked Mr. Lee.

"No, oh, no."

"Well, then, it can still be a secret between you and me and Anne. We need not tell any one else anything about it. And in twenty years you can tell Arthur about it. Will that do?"

Lotta left off crying; she even smiled.

"You are a wise, good papa," said she; "that will just do, and I will go and tell Anne."

"You see, Anne," said Lotta, after explaining matters; "Arthur did not care for flowers; boys don't. But it's a secret all the same, and only you and papa and myself know anything about it."

"PUT YOUR HEART INTO IT."—Long long ago, there lived in a German town an old man, whose trade it was to make violins.

He was tall and thin, with a long white beard, and a grave, reserved face, which, however, was often lighted up by a singularly beautiful smile.

He was, indeed much respected by the townsfolk, who were proud, too, of the fame he had acquired, for there were no violins like Gaspard's throughout the whole world.

There seemed, in truth, to be something about the construction of them which no one—not even his own apprentices—could succeed in imitating. Often one of the latter would finish a violin exactly after Gaspard's own model; nothing seemed wanting to the eye; and hoping, yet fearing the youth would carry it to his master.

The old man would take the instrument with a kindly smile, and draw the bow lightly across the strings.

Alas! the sound was always thin, sharp, and grating, and Gaspard, picking up one of his own violins, would bid the lad note the difference between the two.

Full, clear, and melodious, now with a triumphant swell, now with a tender, long-drawn note, like the sigh of the wind, the music would float out into the old street, and the passers-by would stop to listen, saying:

"Hush! there is Gaspard tuning another violin!"

"What is the secret, master?" cried one of his cleverest workmen, in despair.

The old man's answer was always the same: "Put your heart into it, my lad; that is all."

Time passed, and at length there was mourning in the old German town, for Gaspard was dead! And then the secret was revealed, for immediately all his violins lost their extraordinary sweetness and depth of tone which had so distinguished them. They were good violins still, but a charge had passed over them, and they would never recover their lost power.

Gaspard had put a little piece of his own heart into each instrument, and when he died the heart of the violin died also.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY A. M. ONKEY.

SO YOU saw me in the streets yesterday, and gave me a penny? I hope I said "thank you" for it. You liked me a great deal better than the music? That's nice.

To tell the truth, however, I don't care for the life I lead. It is so very dull and dreary; and when the weather is wet and cold I feel the most lonesome and miserable of monkeys.

Somehow folk always expect Pug to be amusing, little thinking that it is hard to make fun when the heart is sad. This dirty red jacket is too small and too tight for me, and the nasty chain prevents me from running about at my ease. And though, miss, you were kind to me, I get far more kicks than pennies.

I daresay you wonder why I undertook to begging for Carlo, my master, since I so dislike the work; for I was not always an organ-grinder's monkey. Well, it was a case of life or death; but as it's not a long story, and will interest you, you shall hear it.

My first recollections are of a glorious forest, with plenty of fruits of all kinds, and other monkeys. Months and months I spent in unmixed bliss, till one evil day, when I was shying cocoanuts at a party of sailors, I missed my hold of the branch, and fell plump into the arms of a jolly tar. I screamed and bit him, but he only laughed, and the louder I raged the louder he laughed. We reach his ship in due course, and he fastened me up in his bunk.

It was my first sea voyage, and it will be my last. How I suffered no one knows, but Jack was good to me, and I got so fond of him that when he sold me to a dealer in wild animals I thought I should have cried my heart out. But I recovered in time.

What a queer crib I now found myself in! All around the shop were cages of parrots and cockatoos. In one corner was a strong box with a bear, and in another—at which my hair stood on end, and my flesh "crept" every time I looked at it—was a case containing serpents—ugh! Then we had a porcupine, a kangaroo, an ant-eater, a young leopard, and many other creatures, very interesting, but too numerous to mention.

We were not a happy family. The birds yelled all day, and when dinner came the hubbub in such a small place was tremendous.

Our master was not unkind in his rough way; but I should imagine a great many beasts died on his hands, through pining for their liberty and their native land. How I longed for the purchaser who was to become the fortunate possessor of "one of the finest monkeys he had ever had," as the dealer said of me.

Well, freedom came to me sooner than either he or I thought for, but dearly as I yearned for it, I don't want it to come in that form again.

One night I was awakened by loud knocks at the street door, and by piercing cries of "fire, fire!" In a moment our room became like a small mad-house. The different animals grew frantic with fear, and the scene, as it was lit up by the flames that now and then flared up brightly, was terrible.

As for me, I shook my cage, and yelled and yelled. No one would think of us till the women folk, and children, and men were saved. The smoke at length began to enter the room, and I felt that we were doomed.

However, by dint of constant shaking, the sides of my cage had grown rather loose, so I thought of trying to undo the stout iron wire which fastened them together, and squeezing through.

This was easier than I expected, and in a few moments I scrambled out of the cage. So far, so good; but what was I to do next? The dealer was unable to help us, or perhaps he was not even aware that his place was burning down.

The fire was now coming nearer and nearer to our room, and the heat was stifling. There was no time to lose. I must either escape somehow, or perish in the attempt—and better that than die in the cruel furnace.

I flew to the window and smashed several of the panes of glass. To get on to the roof was the work of a moment. The flames were rising all around like tongues of fire, and threatening to devour me every instant.

I could barely see the houses across the narrow street, but I blindly took a wild, despairing leap, and very fortunately caught the gutter around the roof. I slipped down the water-pipe to the street in a twinkling, and then all grew blank.

I remembered nothing afterwards. It seemed, however, that the fire had broken out in the Italian quarter of the city, and that Carlo found me lying dead, as he supposed, on the pavement.

He picked me up, took me home, dressed my wounds, and nursed me back to life. Then he taught me a variety of simple tricks that should make me useful to him and his organ. I learned, them quickly enough, and perform them well, as I think you will confess. And so, you see, I escaped an awful death, only to become an organ-grinder's monkey.

A SIBERIAN PRISON.—The story of Kara has been denied and retold frequently. One of the latest visitors to this notorious spot—said to be a member of the Russian diplomatic service—states that he saw, on entering the precinct of the prison, a number of famished creatures in rags, half naked, trembling with fever, and deeply marked with the ravages of disease.

They ran to tell him the story of their sufferings, but were "brutally" dragged away by the gaolers, and baulked of their wish, fell back upon some dirt heaps, laughing hysterically and rattling their chains.

Work is said to start at the Kara mine at four a. m., and to continue till six p. m. The working gangs are guarded by men armed with sabre, revolver, and loaded cane. Even subaltern officers can order the punishment of the lash or imprisonment. The lash is made of three leather thongs, each ending in a ball of lead, and with this instrument a retaken fugitive has to receive two hundred blows.

In the dungeons of Kara the visitor saw several prisoners chained in almost complete darkness.

"They were worse nourished," he writes, "than the dogs of the gaol. Their legs and arms were fastened together by rings riveted at the ankles and wrists, from which heavy chains extended. The energy and courage of these men are sometimes extraordinary. They showed me one who was fastened to the wall and kept in these dungeons for eight months. Every second day he received ten strokes of the knout. He never saw any light except the light brought by the gaoler. Yet nothing could break his will and endurance. Even when the governor came to ask him to give up the names of his accomplices, the man merely laughed in his face."

JAPANESE ETIQUETTE.—The difference of national interpretations of etiquette are comically interpreted in a little history told by a lady to Washington society. A Japanese gentleman called on her one day before luncheon. As it was a first, and, presumably, ceremonious call, she naturally expected it would be brief. To her surprise, he accepted her invitation to lunch, and that domestic rite over, he still stayed. The hours wore on, and he did not go. The lady was wearied beyond endurance. Dinner time came. The lady's husband returned, and still the gentleman from Japan stayed on. He was as a matter of necessity invited to dinner. Finally the gentleman of the house relieved his wife for a time in entertaining this apparently stationary visitor. But as the evening wore on he became so tired and sleepy, that he retired to his own apartment, and the hostess again screwed her courage to the sticking point and resumed the entertainment of the guest. At last, about midnight, the Japanese, with the most elaborate and abject apologies to the lady for leaving her, reluctantly took his departure. But the comedy reached its denouement the next day, when a friend, in whom the extraordinary guest had confided, told the hostess that he said he never had such an ordeal in his life; that he was so tired, and he thought the lady would never let him go, and then finally he was obliged to leave her without her permission. Then the hostess learned that in Japanese etiquette the lady receiving a gentleman gives him the signal for his departure, and it is very rude in their code to leave her till she does this.

A RING OF BRASS.—Police magistrates, among other strange experiences that fall to their lot, must get frequent glimpses of a number of odd superstitions which still survive among the classes not frequently brought into contact with the magisterial dignity. Such an instance was presented at a police court recently, in the case of a gentleman of whom it was stated that he had intermarried with one lady, and subsequently loved another too well for his happiness and his fair fame. In the ardor of his passion he is said to have married the latter, and neglected to make known to her the fact that his first wife was still alive. When it was pointed out to him that he had committed the offence called bigamy he seems to have set up the defence that his former marriage was illegal, since the ring used at the wedding ceremony was made of brass; and this view of the case seems to have been taken by the first wife herself, as well as her brother, who appeared to testify in the court.

THE PANE OF GLASS.

BY L. E. DIEKENGA.

Between the shadowy night and me
Only a pane of glass I see;
Here is my warm, fire-lighted room,
Beyond is darkness, silence, gloom.

Frail is that little pane of glass,
Through which no bitter cold may pass;
A single blow may crush it quite,
And yet it hides me from the night.

When oft without is ice and snow,
When torrents fall and tempests blow,
The square diaphanous reins the storm,
And keeps me ever safe and warm.

But nothing can restore again,
If broken once, that brittle pane;
Some other light may fill the frame,
But 'tis another—not the same.

So, too, may happiness depend
Upon some weak but worthy friend,
Whose faithful love may check or stay
The blasts of many a stormy day.

Some heart through whose transparent zeal
We see the ills we do not feel;
Some gentle ministry which bears,
With true devotion, all our cares.

But love like this should not be tried
With wanton strength or foolish pride;
The glass may break if roughly touched,
And love expire when rudely crushed.

And nothing may be found to mend
The broken friendship of a friend;
Some other love the heart may claim,
But 'tis another—not the same.

IN DAYS GONE BY.

Nothing is more interesting than to speculate upon the social condition of those rude progenitors of the human race whose history, until our own epoch, has lain shrouded in the night of Time.

For the most part, all is mysterious and enigmatic concerning them; yet, owing to the researches of the archæologist, the geologist, and last, but not least, the student of botany, we are enabled in some degree to penetrate the gloom.

We can tell with what implements they went a-hunting, with what material they made their clothes, and what food they ate.

The botanist can even inform us how the prehistoric host adorned his little feast; the cates he offered his guests for grace rather than for need; the dessert he set before a wedding party, and the provender he placed before the no less joyous conviva-lists bidden to rejoice over the advent of a first-born!

These archaic boards were not so scantily furnished as we might suppose. Foremost figured the time-honored pear and apple; the homely fruits, so dear to schoolboys of all ages and all countries, we now know delighted the palates of children born ere recorded history began.

The pear is of less frequent occurrence, although it is found in the prehistoric dwellings of Switzerland and Italy, usually in a dried state and cut lengthways. Then, as now, therefore, the pear was a greater luxury than the apple. The abundance and variety of names testify to the very ancient existence of the latter from the Caspian Sea to the Atlantic.

But prehistoric diners-out possessed one of the best of all the fruits, the grape. Seeds of the grapes have been discovered in the lake-dwellings near Parma, dating from the age of Bronze; also in the prehistoric settlement of Lake Varese and of Switzerland.

The walnut is of great antiquity. Walnut leaves have been found in the quaternary tufa at Provence, and a species of walnut in some of the Swiss lake-dwellings. The species possesses a Sanskrit name, a fact testifying to its early cultivation in India. The tree was introduced into China about 140 B. C.

Only one cherry-stone has been as yet found in any prehistoric settlement of Italy or Switzerland, nor is the antiquity of the stratum quite certain.

One of the most curious and suggestive discoveries in this field is that of the poppy. Were, then, these rude fishers and hunters troubled with carking cares, low spirits, and melancholia, as well as the worn-out brain-workers and anxious bread-winners of the nineteenth century?

Was there perhaps a Coleridge or a De Quincey among the Swiss lake-dwellers of the age of Stone, some dreamer hopelessly wedded to opium? The capsule of the poppy has been found in these primitive abodes; whilst its numerous names in the language of antiquity prove its ancient origin. Besides Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic names, several exist in the Slav languages.

Tobacco-smoking in America was very common in ancient days, and pipes of wonderful workmanship have been discovered in the tombs of the Aztecs. The use of tobacco in Western nations, however dated from the discovery of America, so that it is not to be taken into account here.

When we come to vegetables, and what is generally summed up under the head of farinaceous food, we find that our lake-dwellers fared not so badly after all.

In the age of Bronze, the ancient inhabitants of Switzerland and Italy had beans most probably served up with bacon; lentils also figured in the domestic bill of fare; very likely, the housewife concocted better lentil broth than many a mistress of genteel households nowadays.

Nor were nursery puddings and invalid dishes wanting in those early days. The prehistoric cook had several varieties of wheat, millet—of which they made great use—oats, two varieties of six rowed barley, besides other cereals. It is needless to insist on the interest and value of such facts and conclusions as these, arrived at with patient care and after unremitting investigations. Doubtless, archæology and palæontology have many more revelations of a similar kind in store for us.

Before leaving a fascinating subject, let us mention one curious fact more. The great antiquity of the cultivation of flax is well known. The prehistoric inhabitants of the peat-mosses of Lombardy employed flax, though ignorant of the use of hemp and of metals. On the other side of the Alps, among the lake-dwellers of Switzerland, the same species of flax has been discovered, now wild in southern alpine regions. Thus, before the arrival of the Aryans in Europe, before authentic history begins, before metals, even bronze, were known, before hemp and the domestic fowl were known, also, civilisation had reached a certain development on both sides of the Alps. Folks wore linen; satisfied their hunger on beans and bacon; and cracked their nuts on high-days and holidays, much as they do now.

COULD we but read aright, we should find that every human being, in greater or in lesser degree, carries the lineaments of the life, if such an expression is allowable, in the face. Good looks or ill looks accord respectively with the complexion of the life. It is very certain that beauty is added to and called forth by the exercise of the kindly affections of love, of pity, of trust, of hope, and of pure joy; and it is equally certain that intellectual qualities have a similar result, for we have it upon ancient and high authority that "a man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the hardness of his face is changed." Thus beauty is not only skin deep, as another common saying affirms, but it may also be said to be so natural that it goes all through.

Grains of Gold.

All the way to heaven is heaven.

Economy is of itself a great revenue.

Small courtesies sweeten life; the greater ennobie it.

Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness.

We stand in our own sunshine oftener than others do.

Tears sprinkled across life's highway settle the dust of sorrow.

Little minds are subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

Activity, and not despondency, is the true counterpoise to misfortune.

It is to live twice when we can enjoy the recollections of our former life.

Reformers look small in the eyes of the world, because they are so far in advance.

If a man is right, he can't be too radical; if wrong, he can't be too conservative.

Profit by others' success and failure, and you get a reliable experience at much less than club rates.

He that is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.

Too much idleness, I have observed, fills up a man's time much more completely, and leaves him less his own master, than any sort of employment whatsoever.

Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them are for the greater part ignorant of both the character they leave and the character they assume.

Femininities.

Boston has a gymnasium entirely for women.

Turbans are to be wore more than ever the coming season.

The Welsh title of the aspen is "the leaf of the maiden's tongue."

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.

For cleaning windows use chamois skin, instead of cloth, if you wish a bright, polished surface.

A Kingston, N. Y., colored woman the other day started out to beg money enough to buy a piano.

Doctors say that so many fur rugs lying about the house are unhealthful and communicate disease.

Sandpaper is said to be good for cleaning flatirons of rust, starch or any blur that may get on them.

The attraction of the Chinese maiden is measured by the length of her finger nails and the crippled condition of her feet.

The Australian beauty breaks the heart of her Bushman admirer with a ring through her lower lip and a red paint redingote.

The black belle of Senegambia cuts quite a dash with a bone through her nose and three white stripes of paint across her forehead.

The two ladies in the New York School Board voted against each other on the question of fining a teacher for slapping a pupil.

During the eleventh century musical notes were invented, windmills were first used, and clocks with wheels were introduced.

As several clergymen are essential to a fashionable wedding ceremony at church, so half a dozen ladies are now required to "assist" the hostess at a reception.

"Boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a fashionably dressed lady. "Yes'm; a load of hay went through this morning!" was the urchin's horrid reply.

Ice cream at a club dinner in Boston recently was served in the form of chessmen of every color on pasteboard chess tables. The "effect" is stated to have been very pretty.

The newest girl-of-the-period agony is to carry cologne instead of salts, and a long, narrow bottle, something like what sweet oil comes in, has been introduced, made of costly glass.

In kitchen French, aspic means savory jelly for cold dishes; au gratin, dishes prepared with sauce and crumbs and baked; bouchees, very thin patties or cakes, as the name indicates.

A St. Louis woman who went to the Morgue to identify the dead body of a stepsister, found on the adjoining table that of her husband, from whom she had been separated several years.

Lace may be washed by winding it around bottles or sewing it on muslin and boiling it in soft water with white castile soap. It should be rinsed in soft water after removing it from the suds.

Captain Jawkins: "No, I'm not exactly engaged, but I have the refusal of two or three girls." Miss Ethel: "What a capital way of putting it! I suppose you mean you have asked them, and they have said 'No.'"

"Jimmy," said a fond mother to her offspring of eight years old, "which do you like the best, the big girls or the little girls?" "The big girls," said Jimmy, promptly. "He's his father's own boy," said the proud matron.

Lighthead to Miss Brown: "Girls nowadays don't know how to do anything. When I find one that can cook and wash and make beds and sew on buttons I intend to get married." Miss Brown: "Why not go to an intelligence office?"

A woman in Rochester sends word to the postmaster of Chicago that she has never yet seen a man whom she liked well enough to marry, and asks the postmaster to look around for her and send her the address of a suitable person.

Young housekeeper, to house-furnisher's assistant: "Have you a small hand-bellows for blowing the fire?" Assistant: "Something like that, madam?" "Yes, that will do. If you will fill it with wind and stop it up I will take it with me."

The Zuni Indians have a national epic, the recital of which lasts four hours. By the laws of the tribe, no one is allowed to begin reciting this poem without finishing it; neither may any one listen to any portion of it unless he listens to the whole.

An eating-house keeper advertises for "a boy to open oysters fifteen years old." When an oyster becomes such a veteran its age should be kept a secret, the same as a spring chicken's. Surely an oyster ought to be able to open itself long before it reaches its fifteenth year.

A study of pension statistics moves a Washington journal to assure its female readers that the most healthy business there is for their sex is to be a soldier's widow. There are now on the pension roll of the war of 1812 only 2945 surviving pensioners, while there are 17,212 soldiers' widows.

The arrival of spring in St. Louis is gloated over by a paper there as follows: A lady seen on Fourth street, near Scruggs', wore a blue and green combination suit, with a hat in which the same colors predominated. Another lady wore a skirt of rich yellow with a basque of cardinal red.

A young man in one of the northern counties of Dakota had an engagement to marry during the late blizzard, the home of the bride being 20 miles away. The roads were blocked so that he could not go by any conveyance, but he took snowshoes and made the trip on time, and his wife was proud of his feat.

A Lewiston, Pa., newspaper says that the little daughter of a well-known clergyman was heard talking as she lay in her crib the other night. She said: "Dear Lord, this afternoon I saw out upon the cold sidewalk a poor little girl, and she had no shoes or stockings on—and—and" hesitating as though staggered by the problem—"it's none of our business, is it, God?"

Masculinities.

During the year 1886 36 telegraph offices were opened in China.

Ladies in Greenland used to color their faces blue and yellow.

Love may be blind, but marriage is a very successful eye doctor.

The man who never committed a folly never appreciated wisdom.

The bachelors at Lulo, Neb., have a club, and they wear safety pins as badges.

Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.

For where is any author in the world who teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes?

The first session of Congress that assembled in Washington met in November, 1800.

Messrs. Fish and Pike are appropriately named members of the California Fish Commission.

A man was once hanged in Haralson, Ga., and his widow rewedded before he was cut down.

Our country is larger than China. We have 3,002,000 square miles, and China has only 2,000,000.

Some dudes now affect the Scotch shawl instead of overcoat, and the Highland cap and streamers.

Nearly 40,000 doctors have been graduated from the various medical colleges during the last ten years.

There are 1,071 Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States, with a membership of about 140,000.

Mr. Beecher many years ago expressed the belief that death would come to him, when it did come, in an apoplectic stroke.

May a minister smoke? This is the question precipitated upon a ministerial association in New York by one of its members.

Do not sit in the blue plush and gilt chair in the parlor, unless you want to give your fashionable hostess nervous prostration.

Base ball has been introduced into the Pittsburg Insane Asylum for the physical and mental improvement of the inmates.

Captain Robert W. Andrews, of Boston, who is in his 97th year, wants to challenge any man of his age to a match at walking or jumping.

A burglar on Long Island took, among other things, a cornet belonging to an amateur, and the neighbors are believed to be reconciled to his loss.

The fuller conceptions we gain of the true meaning of justice, the more we shall enter into its spirit, and the more its spirit will actuate our lives.

Out of a list of seventeen bachelors at Keystone, Dakota, who three years ago resolved never to marry, eleven are now married and two are soon to be.

There is a modern Jewish proverb that a man should clothe himself beneath his ability, his children according to his ability and his wife above his ability.

United States Senator Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, it is said, thanks to the Standard Oil Company, can draw his check for $14,000,000 and still have a comfortable nest egg left over.

Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again in that conversation and renew their own early time.

Life in Utah. Mormon wife, to husband: "Are you going out, dear?" Mormon husband: "Yes; I have an engagement with Miss Brigham. She is to give me her answer to-night."

A veteran politician gives this advice to young men: "Don't drink, and don't go into politics. Neither has done me any harm, but while I have escaped, hundreds have been ruined by them."

A Troy, N. Y., collar manufacturer, who died a few days ago, directed by will that no crape should be used in connection with his death, no services held at his funeral, and that his remains should be cremated.

What's in a name? A Lake Michigan captain says that a long course of observation has convinced him that vessels named after women are remarkably unlucky, as compared with those bearing the names of men.

The girls at Covington, Ky., have organized a boycott which involves non-association with young men who get drunk. The girls have introduced what no man had wit enough to devise—a boycott that is both expedient and lawful.

The Graham boys, says a Southern paper, report a huge swallowing. They say two king snakes undertook to swallow a ground rattle. One commenced at his head and the other at his tail. They swallowed until they met and then swallowed each other.

A new society in England is called "The Speak-no-evil Society." Its members are enjoined before speaking evil of any one to ask themselves three questions: Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary? Four texts from the New Testament bearing on the subject are printed at the foot of the membership card.

A man dropped into the office of an Oneida, N. Y., newspaper the other day and offered to subscribe for two years in advance if the proprietor would take his pay in dogs. The editor replied: "For many years I have taken wood, apples, potatoes, applejack and all sorts of vegetables in payment of subscriptions, but there must be a limit; I draw the line on dogs."

Aurelia, anxiously: "Have you seen George this evening, papa? He promised to call." Papa: "Yes, he did call, and I entertained him for an hour before you came down-stairs." Aurelia: "You entertained him, papa?" Papa: "Yes, I gave him a list of all the new dresses and gew-gaws you had last year, and the cost of each. I never saw a young man more interested, yet he left very hurriedly."

Recent Book Issues.

"Words of Hope and Comfort," is a beautifully gotten up selection of wise sayings and quotations from some of the greatest writers of the past. It is a marvel of art and good taste. A finer Easter offering could not be selected. Published by White, Stokes & Allen, New York. For sale by Lippincott.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Cassell's Family Magazine for March has for a frontispiece a charming picture entitled "Valentine Season." There is an interesting paper on "Street Entertainments," and attractive articles on "The Worth of Fish as a Food," "Employment for Gentlemen," "Musical History as a Popular Study," "What to Wear," "The Land of Ice and Snow;" a clever short story, "She's Coming," another one, both bright and animated, called "Dr. Joliffe's Queen Patient," and music, poetry, papers on domestic economy, health and the table, to say nothing of that attractive department, "The Gatherer," with its illustrated record of invention and discovery. Published by and received from Messrs. Cassell & Co., New York.

The pictorial features of the March *Wide Awake* are unusually strong. "A Late March Afternoon," "Blind Milton," and "Fairy Folk All," are finely illustrated, as are "Just Seven Years Old," "Montezuma's Gold Mines," "Romulus and Remus," and "Howling Wolf and His Trick Pony." The unillustrated papers include "Longfellow and the Children," by Rev. Samuel Longfellow; "A New England Flower," a botanical paper by Grant Allen; short stories, sketches, etc. There are still other interesting features: "Bits of Talk," by Rose Kingsley, Margaret Sidney and Annie Sawyer Downs; a fascinating piece of biographical writing, by Mrs. Bolton, about "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden), with portrait, some carpentry for boys, some "Search-Questions" for historical students, "Tangles" for the ingenious, and other poems and other pictures and other stories. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

The Forum for March contains eleven articles, nearly all timely, and all readable. Prof. St. George Mivart discusses "The Future of Christianity;" George Gunton easily demolishes "Henry George's Economic Heresies;" Edward Everett Hale tells about "Books That Have Helped Me;" Neal Dow shows "The Effectiveness of Prohibition;" Prof. Richard T. Ely has a seasonable contribution on "Labor Organizations;" Eliza Lynn Linton writes of "The Tyranny of Fashion;" and Dr. William A. Hammond in "Mysterious Disappearances" thinks that most of them are due to a peculiar form of epilepsy. Other articles are "Confessions of a Universalist;" "The Sea-serpent Myth," by Prof. Theodore Gill; "Standing Room Only," by Thomas W. Knox, and "Shall the Jury System be Retained?" by Judge E. A. Thomas. This number begins a new volume. Published at 97 Fifth avenue, New York.

The *Brooklyn Magazine* for March opens with "Is the American Woman Overdressed?" by Helen Campbell. Mr. Donohoe's "Stories and Memories of Washington" are continued. Mr. H. H. Winslow contributes a charming story of western life, entitled "Old Man Daggs," and W. P. Brown, "Goin' to Meetin' in the Tennessee Mountains." "The Boyhood of Clark Russell," by W. H. Rideing; "Queen Elizabeth and Her Suitors," by E. R. Williams, and "Helen's Surprise," a story by C. H. Mayer, are all readable articles. Edith Langdon discusses "The Evils of Unequal Marriages," and Mrs. Beecher "The Servant Girl Problem." The poetry is good and the minor departments are full of interest as usual. In addition, the supplement contains several sermons by Mr. Beecher. The number is an especially entertaining one. Published at Nos. 130 and 132 Pearl street, New York.

The March number of *The Popular Science Monthly* is a remarkably full vindication of this able magazine as a disseminator of popular science in all its phases. The number opens with a paper by Appleton Morgan, "Are Railroads Public Enemies?" in which James F. Hudson's recent work, "Railways and the Republic," is completely riddled. This is followed by an article of great popular interest, by Grant Allen, entitled "A Mount Washington Sandwort." Lucy M. Hall, M. D., associate professor of physiology and hygiene and physician at Vassar College, contributes a notable paper on "Higher Education of Women and the Family." Prof. Humphrey, F. R. S., has a paper of curious interest on "The Habits and Family History of Centenarians." "Celebrated Clocks" is the title of an interesting illustrated article by Frederic G. Mather. A sketch of the late Edward L. Youmans is contributed by his sister, and a splendid portrait of this distinguished scientific scholar forms the frontispiece. There are many other papers on live topics, by eminent writers, and the departments are ably filled. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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Snowbird.

BY K. D.

In the land of the Esquimaux it is cold, and life is hard, as I know, who, though born there, have spent many years in softer climates. But they have a summer; it is brief, but warm. Then they leave their huts and live in tents. And the flowers bloom, and the dwarf willows grow green, and the moss on the rocks softens and freshens.

This season had come, and we were in our hut, my wife, Snowbird, and our baby and I, when my sleep was troubled by dreams of strange wild beasts with whom I could not cope, and of demons who devoured us. I awoke with a start, and rose upon my elbow and listened.

"You sigh, Tonabbe," said Snowbird. "What troubles you?"

"I dream, Snowbird," I answered.

"Dream happy dreams, then," said Snowbird, "for we have our stores for the winter; our beautiful baby, our comfortable hut, and our good parents; we possess fleet reindeer and a delightful sledge. We are indeed blessed."

"You are right, Snowbird," I said; "let us be happy;" and I slept again.

Meanwhile, heart of mine, what happened without?

There were in that day tribes of Indians who hated the Esquimaux, and without receiving any offence from them, attacked them and murdered them without mercy,—men, women and children, and babes at the breast. A tribe, called by a word of our language which means the Quarrellers, passing near our settlement, paused. One said to the others, "Behold the tents of the Esquimaux!" The others, "Let us kill them!" They laughed at each other. They twisted up their long hair into war knots; each painted himself black and red. They bared their arms to the shoulders.

They trod softly as panthers, and descending into the valleys that no watcher might give warning of their approach, they took the deer track that led to our tents. Then they rushed upon us. I heard their war cry.

I started up, and seizing all the furs at hand flung them over Snowbird and the babe, hoping to hide them. Then I rushed out to defend my tent. I fought—alas! who can contend with armed mutes? A blow descended on my head. I fell.

For hours I knew nothing; how many I cannot guess. When I awoke it was night. A crimson aurora, shot with green, covered the sky, and all was silence.

I was alone under the aurora—alone with the dead—the dead whom Indians had murdered and scalped! One knew no one man or one woman from another.

The furs had been torn from them, the ornaments that they wore; the tents were burnt to ashes; the faces slashed and altered. They had borne some women away, I fancied, but I knew nothing.

Had I been of another nation, I would have killed myself. Suicide has never yet occurred to an Esquimaux. I waited for my bleeding wound to end my life. Before this could be done strangers arrived upon the spot—white men who were exploring our country. They pity me. They bound my wounds. Then they wept with me that I could not discover the body of Snowbird, and took me with them.

Soon I learned to bear my pain, and be a man again, and helped them on their way, for I knew the land as they did not. They gave me a name—John Helpful. I liked the English name. I keep it yet. I understand now that when they named me so, it was because I had seemed to them to be a helpful man and a kindly.

Whither they wished to go I went with them, and I learned to speak English very well, so they say. At least I can make myself understood, and I can understand.

And so we went on further north, where all was ice and snow, and I know they searched for comrades frozen up there, waiting for help, or perhaps dead.

One morning we were among strange snow-fields, when some one cried out—

"Look!"

I looked. There were the marks of snow-shoes. Some human being was near. We followed the tracks and came to a rock, and in the rock a cavern.

We entered in, along into the dark, and down into the dark, and there it was warmer, and a fire glowed, and a woman's voice sang.

It was an Esquimaux song. A woman sat before the fire, and lulled a babe upon her knee. Her fur hood was over her head; but how much does one need to see, if it be one he loves, to know her?

"Snowbird!" I shrieked; Snowbird! My wife! It is you; it is no one else!"

And the woman turned, and it was she and no other. And my transports of joy were like those of a madman for awhile. Then she told me all, while the others crowded about the fire and listened; and I interpreted what they did not understand.

An Indian had carried off my Snowbird to be his wife; but she had said to herself, "Rather death!" and she had hid her baby in her hood, and smothered its cries, and no one knew she had it with her.

And when they had halted to sleep, she spied the great hole some wild beast had made, and crept into it and covered herself with moss.

No one guessed she was there. They searched for her, but found her not. But when they were gone she returned to the village, and saw what I had seen.

She thought me dead, and bewailed me, but, for her baby's sake, she knew she must live. So, wrapping herself in some furs she found, she went her way, hoping to come to a settlement she knew of where were some kinsfolk.

In vain she wandered; she lost her path, and came at last to the cave where we found her. Here she had lived by snaring rabbits and birds, and gathering certain mosses that we know, which, with the melted snow, make a very good and nourishing sort of jelly.

And so the days had come and gone, and Snowbird wept, but waited, believing in time that my spirit would come to her. And she said, crying for joy—

"When I saw you, Tonabbe, I believed that it was so, and that these people with the white faces were also spirits; but, behold we live, and are together again."

Then she rose and served us with provisions such as she had stored away, and the men about us spoke good words of my little Snowbird, such as we Esquimaux never say of women.

The rest of the tale I will tell shortly. We went aside to leave Snowbird and the babe at a settlement with friends, and I went on with the other men.

But they only found graves and words written by dead men—sad tales of how they starved and froze to death; and then they went sadly back to their country, taking me and my wife and child with them.

Here, being a very old man, I live still, with my wife and son. And the children of my son gather about me in the evening as I tell them stories of their Esquimaux forefathers, and of the massacre of the Copper Hills, which makes them shudder and look over their shoulders as they go to bed, although they ask for it again, and still again upon the morrow.

MARRIAGE OF COUSINS. — It is often asked whether there is any objection to the intermarriage of cousins. Supposing that both the cousins, their parents, and their common ancestors have always been perfectly healthy in mind as well as in body, there can be no physical objection. It is in cases where some hereditary taint may have been inherited by the cousins from their common ancestors that such unions become unadvisable. The hereditary taint is more general than is usually imagined. Where it exists, and marriage takes place between cousins, the blemish is likely to appear in an intensified form in the children. Two cousins, for example, who have a common ancestor who was not particularly clear-headed, may become the parents of an idiot or of a deaf-mute. And therefore, seeing that people can seldom be quite certain as to the immunity of their ancestors from defects of one kind or another, it is rather risky for cousins to intermarry. There may, however, be a counter-balancing advantage. The law of heredity tends, in such a case, to intensify desirable qualities as much as undesirable ones; and the offspring of cousins who have common ancestors of exceptional ability may turn out to be a genius.

CURIOSITIES OF VEGETATION. — The various bread-forming grains—wheat, barley, oats, rye—are found to be resolvable into one. If wheat be sown in June and mown down, so as not to be allowed to come to ear till next season, the product will be found to consist partly of rye or some other of the cereals. Oats have in like manner been transformed into rye, barley, and even wheat. Till a recent period this phenomenon was doubted, but it has been tested by experiment, and reported on by so many credible persons, that it can no longer be rejected. The cowslip, primrose, oxlip, and polyanthus, which were always regarded as distinct species, are now found to be producible from one set of seeds under certain varying conditions; they are radically one plant. So also the clove, pink, and carnation are only varieties of a flower growing among the ruins of some of the old castles. The artichoke of the garden and the cardoon (a kind of thistle) of the South American wilds are held as distinct species in all botanical works; yet the artichoke in neglect degenerates into the cardoon.

SHE YIELDED.—"Good-night, Lodemia, One more, please."

"Not another one, Marcellus. You've had ten already."

"I have only had nine, Lodemia."

"Well, nine are enough."

"No, they are not. You thought that I had had ten, and I'm entitled to ten."

"I believe that you did have ten."

"Lodemia, I solemnly assure you that I had only nine. Give me one more and I'll go."

"For Heaven's sake, Lodemia," came in accents of entreaty from an upper story of the building adjoining, as the bald head of a lodger was thrust out into the pale moonlight, "let the young man have it if he'll only go. I want to get to sleep to-night."

The bald head was drawn in. There were a few hurried whisperings, a muffled sound as of mashed potatoes striking against a brick wall, and all was still.

WHEN a prominent clergyman in Bridgeport, Conn., took his seat in the pulpit on a recent Sunday he discovered to his horror that he had forgotten to put on his collar and necktie. Just as he was at his wits' end to know what to do, a messenger stepped up to the pulpit with a Sunday notice to be read. The parson explained his dilemma to the messenger, who kindly loaned him his neck gear, and the services proceeded.

A matter of choice—whether to suffer uninterruptedly with a cough, or to invest 25 cents for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and cure it.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease. It instantly relieves and soon cures

Rheumatism,	**Neuralgia,**
Coughs,	**Colds,**
Cold in the Head,	**Sore Throat,**
Asthma,	**Bronchitis,**
Pneumonia,	**Sciatica,**
Headache,	**Inflammations,**
Toothache,	**Congestion,**

DIFFICULT BREATHING

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first and is the only

PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs by one application.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

R. R. R. not only cures the patient seized with Malaria, but if people exposed to the malarial poison will, every morning take from 20 to 30 drops of Ready Relief in water and eat, say a cracker, before going out, they will prevent attacks.

Price, 50 cts. per Bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN

RESOLVENT

—THE—

GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofulous Complaints, &c., Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Disease, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaint.

The wonderful cures effected by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent of Kidney, Bladder, Ovarian and Urinary Diseases, its marvelous power in dissolving stone and calculous concretions, curing gravel, gleet and discharges from the genital glands; its powers over the kidneys in establishing a healthy secretion of urine, curing Diabetes, Inflammation or Irritation of the Bladder, Albuminous or Brick Dust Deposits, White Sand, etc., establishes its character as A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

Sold by all druggists. $1 a bottle.

RADWAY'S

PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Purgation made perfect by Dr. Radway's Pills. Uniformity and Safety of Action Secured. Perfect Digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning, about 10 o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE,

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disease of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOX. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York. ☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

SPRINGTIDE ECHOES.

Sweet spring hath bid the zephyr pass;
From bondage hath released her—
'Tis spring's own zephyr—alias
A black northeaster.

The crystal dewdrop gleams along
The sprays at morning's prime,
Mocking the poet's trembling song
With its own rime.

The vault above shines bright and clear,
Hath not the poet said it?
"Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear"—
We'll give it credit.

And clustered snowdrops greet our eyes,
Blanching the earth below,
Pure snow-drops, in their simplest guise,
As drops of snow!

From balmy morn may Phœbus claim
The record of a hero—
A record marked at eight A. M.,
"Three below zero!"

Song-birds around us, above, before us,
Hymn forth their meditation;
A hymn that trills in shiv'ring chorus
Anent starvation.

Soft mists enwreathe us while we listen
'Neath "snowdrops" perpendicular—
Deep mists that mortals sometimes christen
"London particular."

Then cry the babbling infant lispers,
Striving to show their skill off,
"Mother, what's summer?" And she whispers,
"Spring with the chill off"!
—U. N. None.

Sound sleeper—One who snores.

The best thing for sea-sickness—Port.

When is a newspaper the sharpest?—When it is filed.

Carpets are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

Love for labor is an acquired taste. The average man was born lazy.

Although not talkative at all, the oyster is a very pleasant companion at dinner.

What part of a dwelling house would best suit a phrenologist for his study?—The scullery.

What is the difference between the North and South Pole?—Why, a world of difference, to be sure.

Wherein are a policeman and a rainbow alike?—Both are tokens of peace, and usually appear after a storm.

The four boxes that govern the world—The cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the jury-box, and the hand-box.

Very busy. Jinks: "How goes it, old fellow?" Blinks, in a hurry: "Don't know. Too busy to find out."

Amateur performances are permissible during Lent. Strictly speaking, they do not come under the head of amusements.

Customer: "Are these eggs fresh?" Grocer: "Certainly, sir. Guarantee it, sir. Sworn affidavit of the hen on every egg-shell, sir."

A Boston editor says that if there were a lot of dynamite bombs in his office, he "should be willing to have them go anywhere except oil."

People who are always in high spirits soon wear out, says a physician. It may be; but people who are always low-spirited wear other people out.

A watch and clock company having failed, one of the creditors remarked that "they would have an awful time winding up their business."

A guileless Irish girl wrote to her adorer thus: "Don't come to see me any more just yet, John, for father has been having his boots half-soled and two rows of nails around the toes."

A father was found fault with for wishing to marry his son too young. "Wait," said a friend, "till he gets a little more sense." "I'm not so foolish as that; he would not marry at all, then."

"Pa, have you got the hydrophobia?" "No, my son; what makes you ask that question?" "Well, I heard ma say to-day that you got awfully bitten when you thought she had a fortune in her own name."

"Would you believe," said a thriftless young man to a friend, "that I had a fortune in my grasp last evening?" "How so?" asked the friend. "I shook hands with a girl whose fingers were covered with diamonds."

A fashionable wedding present is a door plate with the bridegroom's name on it. This should be followed up with a door to tack the plate on and a house to hang the door on, and an acre to plant the house on, then the plate would be of some good.

"Doctor," said the grateful patient, seizing the physician's hand, "I shall never forget that to you I owe my life!" "You exaggerate," said the doctor, mildly; "you only owe me for fifteen visits; that is the point which I hope you will not fail to remember."

"I am not pleased with your selections. You play too much dirge music," said a manager to the leader of an orchestra; "besides, your men don't play with any larrup-larrup. You need more guff." The leader has ever since been trying to find out the meaning of the novel music terms used by this manager.

"Never fear, my dear," remarked a wife to her impecunious husband; "never fear; I still love you." "I know that," he replied; "but that doesn't help matters much." "I'll trust you always," she exclaimed. "Yes, my dear," he replied, with a sigh that came from his heart; "that is very fine; but unfortunately you are not the baker or grocer."

THE REASONING OF DOGS.—It is related of a certain professor, that when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings, leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favorite, and as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, depositing the missing gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for it with great eagerness. The truth was that this gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning, and the dog had picked it up and kept it in his mouth, fearing even to eat, lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it. Anecdotes of this character are innumerable, as are also those of dogs reclaiming property belonging, or having belonged, to their owners.

A farmer having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at his journey's end and tell it to go home. The drover found the dog so useful that he resolved to keep it, and instead of sending it back, locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to his master, and to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again.

Dogs are not only honest in themselves, but will not permit others to be dishonest. A late sportsman was wont to tell of his two deerhounds, "Smoker," and Smoker's son "Shark," a curiously suggestive instance of parental discipline. The two dogs were left alone in a room where luncheon was laid out. Smoker's integrity was invincible but his young son had not yet learned to resist temptation. Through the window he noticed Shark, anxiously watched by his father, steal a cold tongue and drag it to the floor. No sooner had he done so, than the offended sire rushed upon him, rolled him over, beat him, and took away the tongue; after which Smoker retired gravely to the fireside.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Some people are of opinion that if the death punishment is to continue in civilized countries, a method must be discovered by which such scenes as sometimes occur at the scaffold shall be rendered impossible. At the present time the death sentence is carried out by hanging or beheading in every European state except Spain. In Spain condemned persons are executed by means of the garrotte. The garrotte was at one time merely a cord put round the victim's neck, and gradually tightened until strangulation ensued. The garrotte is now, however, a steel collar with a screw, which is turned until it enters the spinal marrow at the base of the brain. If the operation is skilfully performed, death is instantaneous, but much agony has sometimes been caused to convicts by the bungling of the executioner. Hanging is the death punishment throughout the British Empire, except in the case of soldiers sentenced to death by court-material. These are shot. In France, persons condemned to death have, since the Revolution, been despatched by the guillotine, and in most of the German states beheading is also favored. In Austria, however, hanging is the mode of execution.

BOSTON hostess, to young man visiting from the West: "We Boston people, Mr. Breezy, are laughed at a good deal for being so partial to beans, but we don't mind it." Western young man, gallantly: "No, indeed I wouldn't if I were you, Mrs. Waldo. Beans are a very valuable product. Father, who knows as much about such matters as anybody in southern Illinois, says they are even better than corn to fatten hogs with."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
Is a Positive Cure
For Female Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the Female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. Price $1. Six bottles for $5.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents a box at all druggists.

THINK FOR YOURSELF.
IF YOU ARE
A SENSIBLE WOMAN
AND BELIEVE THAT
Health, Comfort, and Beauty
ARE DESIRABLE THINGS,
BUY
GOOD SENSE
CORDED CORSET WAISTS,
Scientifically made of HEALTH MATERIALS throughout.
THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.
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FIT ALL AGES—Infants to Adults. Sold by
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Send 25 cents and get your Name and Town in
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AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for Dr. Scott's beautiful Electric Corsets, Brushes, Belts, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N. Y.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

DEAFNESS Its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application.
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$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

CARDS SUNDAY SCHOOL, REWARD AND VISITING. Lovely Samples, Brass-new Catalogue, & Agts. terms for 2c. stamp. W. C. Griswold & Co., Centerbrook, Ct.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indecency. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

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It will immediately obliterate all such Imperfections and is perfectly harmless.

It has been chemically analysed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

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The new and exquisite Toilet Soap which for perfect Purity and Permanency of Delicate fragrance is unequalled for either Toilet or Nursery use. No materials unless carefully selected and absolutely pure ever enter into its manufacture, hence this Soap is perfectly reliable for use in the Nursery and unrivalled for general Toilet use.

LAIRD'S WHITE LILAC TOILET SOAP is refreshing and soothing to the skin, leaving it beautifully clear soft and smooth.

Price, 20c. per Cake. Box 3 Cakes 50c.

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TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!
This Can Be Done by Means of the
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. This the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 60 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

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WANTED An unemployed person, either sex, in own locality, for firm; liberal stated salary. References exchanged. A.M. MFG. HOUSE, 14 Barclay St., N. Y.

Latest Fashion Phases.

I think most people will agree with me that economy is rarely, if ever, pleasant. There are persons who begin to economize early in life, and to whom the habit has become so much a second nature, that, even when the necessity no longer exists for being thrifty, they cannot relapse into liberal spending; but these, of course, are the exceptions.

Most human beings find it a dreary duty to have to consider the pennies, and to make one dime do the work of two; but it has become a matter of necessity to so many that a few hints on the subject may not be unacceptable.

My first piece of advice would be to have as few clothes as you possibly can, consistent with your requirements, and to take care, the very greatest care, of what you have.

The good appearance of a dress much depends on how it is put on for the first time, and how it is put away.

Try on your dress when it comes home; see that the right number of strings and buttons are properly fastened; that the skirt does not fall too low at any point, for a soil on the edge takes away from its newness more than anything, and a seam that drags, and is worn dragging, will never come really right, and not even the best of dressmakers are infallible.

The most costly thing that you can buy now is inferior bead trimming, which the second-rate dressmakers are so fond of using.

The hollow beads break easily, the threads give way perpetually; if you have time to be continually repairing, you will find yourself constantly so employed, or otherwise you will present an untidy appearance.

Do not judge by a cursory glance when buying trimmings; look well into them, and you will find that the tambor stitch employed on many well-looking appliques is mere chain stitch, which, when once it begins to go, disappears directly and leaves bare spaces.

Never be induced to turn a dress inside out when you put it away, it creases it and spoils the trimmings. Dresses should be kept hanging in bags which button down the front, so that the folds are not disarranged in putting them in.

Blue paper is the best preservative for white dresses, and it is a good plan, where a white dress is likely to be put away for sometime, to sew blue paper inside the holland bag, and pin a loose sheet over the top and base of the bag.

Bodices should be laid down flat on shelves, the bows stuffed, and each bodice carefully wrapped up and kept from the great enemy, dust.

Furs should be well beaten, taken out from time to time, covered with insect powder, and sewn in an holland bag. If you have a camphor-wood box, or box made of highly-smelling wood, keep your fur in it.

I have found the cardboard boxes very strongly made, which are the length of a ball skirt, and are furnished with a couple of hooks, so that when set on end they form a sort of hanging wardrobe. They are the best of boxes for keeping ball dresses uncrushed, and they can stand in any stray corner, and leave more space in the wardrobe.

The interest of economy may be largely consulted in the choice of material, and in this, as in other things, knowledge is power. Women should educate themselves to know something about materials, as their manufacture has much to do with durability.

Nothing is more lasting than well-woven all-woolen stuffs; the admixture of cotton causes cockling, and many other defects of wear. You ought to be able to discover its presence easily, as it is far harsher to the touch.

Highly stiffened corded silks wear greasy. The manufacturers have got over another defect, viz., that pulling at the seams, which reduced a gown to shabbiness very quickly, by a double tying in the weaving; and these corded silks are now less liable to pull than others.

A number of the soft-looking cord fabrics have a wool cord covered with silk, which makes them drape all the better, and does not interfere with their wear. Some have cotton intermixed; be sure you abjure them.

In choosing ribbons with an eye to economy, it is well to select the reversible and to abjure velvet; it spots, creases, and becomes shabby quickly; at the same time it has a beauty all its own.

I must return to homely counsel on this subject of economy. A great secret in making money do its duty, and in tempting it to stretch out to its furthest limit, is to keep clothes and their adjuncts in order.

When lace is dirty, for example, send it at once to the cleaner's; do not wait till you need it; the chances are that it will be wanted on the spur of the moment, and if not ready, money will have to be needlessly spent to replace it.

Lace is the best and most economical trimming there is for many articles of dress, and even if you do not happen to have a good store of real lace, the machine made is now so excellent that it lasts a long time.

If you have made up your mind to have one or two dresses from a leading dressmaker, do not leave the ordering of them till the height of the season, when the workrooms are so over-crowded that you can hardly expect to get the individual attention you would have a right to expect at a less busy time; and pay ready money for them.

Lists should be carefully kept of everything in the wardrobe, and the deficiencies supplied as soon as they occur; it is a far better plan than being ignorant as to belongings, and spending money, as many of us frequently do, on articles which we actually have, and do not know it.

Keep your accounts closely. If you reduce your expenditure to a system you will find money is rarely wasted, and women are apt to be lavish in small sums, from which they derive little advantage, though they tell up astonishingly.

Few of the weaker sex to whom economy is an object can indulge in that five dollar note "for peace and comfort" which unrecorded is to be found in many masculine accounts.

For usual everyday dresses the diagonals are to be recommended, made up with the same stuff, having frise stripes; indeed, nearly all the new woolens are sold with plain and fancy material of the same nature.

When the plain stuff has no such accompaniment, the dressmakers fall back on the "pave" plushes, the inspiration for the design being supposed to be taken from the pavement.

With the exception of the Ecossais plaids, "camaieu" effects find a preference; the word really means, "a picture of one color," and as applied to dress, it signifies a variety of tones of the same color laid one upon the other—a harmony in greens, reds, or blues, in fact; not an admixture of reds, greens and blues.

The new silks owe their inspiration to the most ornate period of French taste, the reign of Louis XVI., and brocaded flowers between elaborate stripes are the leading characteristics.

Having taken a survey of the materials, we must now see how they are made up. The evening gowns are very many of them in the Directoire style, at all events as far as the bodice is concerned, opening square at the neck, with the peculiar collar of that time.

I notice, too, another revival in the fashion of long streamers of narrow ribbon fastened to the back of the bodice, and allowed to float over the trained skirt.

Moire ribbons are much used by the best French dressmakers.

Another style for evening gowns is a revival of the Louis XV. make. I noted a beautiful gown in this fashion, which was of a sulphur tone of satin, rather than cream, trimmed with mordore gauze and some exquisite blonde of the same tone—a very excellent combination. Sulphur-colored velvet bows kept the lace in its place. The train was long, the back cut in one with the bodice, a mode which is returning rapidly.

Many of the plush morning gowns are made all in one also, while the tea-gowns which were almost universally so arranged, have now pointed bodices, and the deep "pocketed" pleats sewn to them. This term means when they are run together at the top, and are allowed to stand out visibly.

Panels of jet, or other beadwork, or some rich fancy material are a part of most of the skirts; and the bodices, when they have not the elaborate plastrons I have described, cross in front, so that no fastening is apparent.

Buttons play a most important part, and the wearers deserve much commendation if they undertake to button half of them.

Odds and Ends.

MADE OF ORANGES AND LEMONS.

Orange Cake.—Make a crust as if for a tart, using three-quarters of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of almonds, blanched and pounded, three well-beaten eggs, and the yolks of three or four hard boiled ones. Roll out the paste as thin as possible, so that it will hold together when moved; it must not be more than the third of an inch thick. Lay a large plate on it to cut it round by. Form the cuttings of the paste into a small cord, either plaited threefold or twisted in two; moisten the edge of the cake, and lay this round. Then bake it a rich yellow in a moderate oven. It must be baked on a buttered paper, and laid on the flat baking-tin. During the baking, thoroughly beat the yolks of eight eggs and whites of two, stir in a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, the grated peel of three oranges and their juice. Whisk this over the fire till it thickens; then take it off. When the cake and cream are both partly cooled, mix into the cream the whites of four eggs, whisked to a stiff snow, with a tablespoonful of sifted sugar. Spread the cream over the cake, and peel and divide an orange into its separate half moons without breaking their skins. When the cake is cold, lay these on its centre in the form of a star or other device, and sift sugar over them.

Orange Cardinal.—Allow a large sweet orange and three ounces of sugar to each bottle of wine. Peel the oranges very thin. Put the yellow peelings in wine, and let them stand a few hours; or, if the cardinal is wanted at once, scald the peels, cover, and let them stand till cold. Meantime, having peeled off the white rind, slice the oranges very thin in a bowl, and cover with powdered sugar. When the peel is cold, strain the wine or water from it over the fruit, adding all the sugar required, and after this mix the wine with a bottle of sparkling Moselle or champagne poured in the last thing before serving.

Orange Syrup for Orangeade.—Rasp the peel of a dozen sweet and two Seville oranges with a pound of sugar lumps. Rinse the oranges in a basin of cold water, and use this to dip the sugar in before boiling. When the syrup is boiled quite clear, add the juice of twelve oranges, stirring it well in beside the fire, but do not let it boil any more. Bottle the syrup at once and cork it when cold. Mix a little of this syrup with cold water whenever orangeade is wanted.

Orange or Lemon Water Ice.—Lemon juice and water, each half a pint, strong syrup, one pint (the rind of the lemons should be rasped off with lump sugar before squeezing out the juice), mix the whole, strain after standing an hour, and freeze. Beat up with a little sugar the whites of two or three eggs, and as the ice is beginning to set, work this in with the spatula, which will much improve the flavor and consistence. Orange water ice is made in the same manner by substituting oranges for lemons.

Lemon Tubes.—Beat two eggs until they are white. Add to them their weight in sifted flour and the same of sugar, the juice of a lemon, and half of its peel grated. Stir the mass well. Butter a large sheet of tin, spread on it very thin cakes the size of a small saucer. Bake them a pale color, and while still warm, roll them on any wooden roller, from which they will easily slip off.

Lemon Rolls.—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of powdered sugar, two ounces of warmed butter, the grated peel of a lemon, a few strips of peel finely cut, two well-beaten eggs, and a tablespoonful of yeast stirred into half a teacup of warmed milk, enough of which must be added to form a soft dough. Beat it thoroughly, mould it into small long rolls. Let them rise on the tin before baking, and strew them with sifted sugar when done.

Orange Preserve (a dessert dish).—Peel half a dozen sweet oranges, cutting the peel into very small dice. Prepare a rich syrup, and divide the oranges into their natural divisions, without breaking the skin, if possible. When the syrup begins to simmer, put in the quarters of orange for a few minutes, then remove and arrange them in a glass dish. Now throw the dice into the syrup, and let them boil for about ten minutes, then pour the whole over the oranges in the dish, and set aside to cool.

Orange Jelly.—Take an ounce of gelatine, the juice of six sweet oranges, two Seville oranges and a lemon, adding the grated peel of the lemon and half a pound of sugar. Dissolve the gelatine in half a pint of water for an hour, pour in the juice and lemon peel and another half-pint of water. Stand the whole over the fire for a few minutes just to dissolve, strain it, and pour into a mould, when it should be perfectly clear.

Orange Fool.—The juice of three Seville oranges mixed with the same number of eggs well beaten, a pint of cream, a little nutmeg, cinnamon and sugar to taste. Place it over a slow fire, stirring till it is as thick as you wish, but do not let it boil. Then let it get cold before putting it on the table.

OCCUPATION.—Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain even a briar or thorn which nature could have spared. We are happier with the sterility which we can overcome by industry than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow on from the exertions which repay the laborer.

Confidential Correspondents.

MISS LOND.—We cannot furnish the story in pamphlet form.

PALESTINE.—French and English are the most generally useful languages.

SHORT.—The piece you enclose is from Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha."

MUSEO.—The reason some of the words in the Bible are printed in italics is that they are not represented in the original.

WORK.—Suction is the method generally used now for keeping in artificial teeth. We know nothing of the institution named.

ANXIOUS.—You may ascertain the dates of the Civil Service Examinations by writing to the Civil Service Commissioners, or by watching the papers.

P. L.—The legal holidays in Pennsylvania are: New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Good Friday, Decoration Day, Independence Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day.

RUBE.—The little beads that you describe as flitting before the eyes are what are commonly known as "muscæ" (flies). You will most likely always have them. They are not dangerous, but they are not curable.

CURIOUS.—If you had possessed the merest grain of curiosity, you would have looked into a grammar-book, where you would have found "I was, thou wast, he was; we were, "you were," "they were." Besides, where is your ear?

FIX.—If the presents are given at the wedding party, they might be acknowledged on the spot. As to what should be "the substance" of a speech on such an occasion, it ought to have no substance at all. What you must do is to say nothing as pleasantly as you are able, and above all remember that brevity is the soul of wit.

GERTY.—Candor compels us to admit that your letter is a trifle wild and rambling. Certainly you may write to us again if you like; we are always pleased to receive communications from agreeable people. As to your main question, we should be inclined to say you are distinctly clever, but have not had quite enough practice for literary work.

MAUDE.—All things considered, your lover's plan seems to be best. It is the frank and straightforward one, and, as you have your mother on your side, it might be successful. It is due to your father that he should be informed of the situation of affairs; and it is possible that he would consent to your marriage as the best means of getting rid of your lover's constant visits to the house.

SOLD.—You could sue for damages for breach of contract or for fraud, but we would recommend you not to attempt a prosecution, as the case is one which a conviction would only follow the clearest proof of an intention on A's part to swindle you. Consult a lawyer if you think A is worth powder and shot, but avoid litigation unless he advises you that you have the clearest possible case.

SUMMER.—You do not appear to have treated the young gentleman quite fairly in returning a flippant answer to a perfectly plain and permissible question. After such a reply you can hardly expect to hear anything of him again; he does not appear to have behaved at all rudely or offensively to you, and young ladies should always be polite; you knew perfectly well what he meant and should have answered him in the same spirit in which he wrote.

THIRTY.—We do not quite understand what you mean by "brown calico." How can it be brown? Has it been dyed? If so, we cannot advise you without knowing what the dye is. If, on the other hand, you mean "unbleached" clean, that can be bleached by immersion in a weak solution—one ounce per gallon of water—of chloride of lime, followed by a dip into a bath of very weak vinegar, and thorough rinsing. The treatment requires great caution, as the least over-soaking proportionately weakens the cloth.

WIG.—Referring to our recent answer to your question, Messrs Dollard, & Co., of this city, one of the oldest established and most reputable firms in the country, inform us that wigs made according to their improved system, can be furnished in first-class style, not only cheaply but in such a perfect manner as to absolutely defy detection from the natural hair. Thousands of them are worn in Philadelphia and elsewhere by persons, whose intimates and even relations are not aware that what seems their natural hair, are wigs.

INQUIRER.—What is the good of asking us to describe "the general climate of South America?" You might almost as well ask us to tell you the "general climate of the globe." Does it not occur to you that stretching as it does from above the Equator far down towards the South Pole, South America embraces almost every variety of climate—hot and cold, healthy and unhealthy? There are some parts of it bad enough "to ruin the health in about five years," no doubt; but there are plenty of others, where, if the atmosphere were the only condition, you might live for ever.

MARGERY.—His conduct is wrong, and your parents are unwise in allowing you to be compromised. The man is guilty of a subtle form of self-indulgence; he has the luxury of your company, he has the keen pleasure which a healthy man feels in the bright society of a girl, and at the same time he does not commit himself. If he wants you, let him say honestly, "Will you wait for me?" If he does not want you, let him go, or he will probably amuse himself for a year or so, and then go off chuckling at having obtained his fun so cheaply. If girls could only hear men talk, there would be no folly such as you are now committing.

K. N.—The following are ascertained facts with regard to electricity:—1. The human body, by virtue of its component substances, is a conductor of electricity, like numbers of other things, including animals. 2. The human frame cannot act as a dynamo, and all assertions of curative power by virtue of special forms of electricity existing in the body, or under the control of the will of individuals, cannot be maintained when tested by the standard of scientific knowledge. 3. The application of the continuous or interrupted current from a battery, by physicians who are also trained electricians, has done good in some forms of paralysis and nervous disorders, but there are also numerous failures. 4. Were the elementary facts of electricity taught in our primary schools, the ignorance of the public with regard to this important subject would be dispelled, and "magnetic" quacks would become as rare as the dodo.